SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1877, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. LVII. PUBLICATION OFFICE: No. 37 South Seventh Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1877. $2.00 a Year, In Advance. Five Cents a Copy. No. 8.

WHAT WOULDST THOU MORE?

From the German of Heine.

Thou hast pearls and then hast diamonds;
Thou hast eyes without their peer;
Thou hast all that heart could covet;
What wouldst thou have more, my dear?

To thine eyes in beauty bounding
Heart's love song, a mythic note—
Songs undying in their seeming—
What wouldst thou have more, my dear?

With thine eyes tormenting sweetly,
Thou hast made my heart full sore;
Thou hast killed it completely;
Ah! what wouldst thou, dearest, more?

Enid's Secret.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SIBYL," "A WIFE'S CONFESSION," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

Three months rolled away. Arbelle and aunt Katherine, instead of going abroad, had elected to remain in England and pay the promised visits, whilst I, accompanied by Miss Harding, returned to Dene. September was well nigh over ere the news came that they were about to return.

My seventeenth birthday had passed with only a few kind words of love from Arbelle to wish me many happy returns of the day. She could not say she was grieved not to be with me, for she was happy—wonderfully, marvellously happy, for she was engaged to be married to a Lord Mostyn. She had cared for him from the first moment she had met him, but with no certainty had she known whether he cared for her. He was, if Arbelle's description could be relied on, simply perfect. The only thing she had left to wish for, was, that I should know and love him too.

What had become of the Duke?

And Lady Venetia Vipont, with whom Arbelle and aunt Katherine were staying, sent me a little note, enclosed in Arbelle's, to say she invited me to Bramley Hall, so that I might not only be introduced to my future brother-in-law, who was her cousin, but be present at a ball which was to take place there the following month.

What a whirl of joyous excitement I was in. Youth was forgotten in the all-engrossing thoughts of this, my first entrance into society. Aunt Katherine wrote to me, telling me that, as I was an "odd child"—how the name pursued me!—I might choose my own dress, adding—"But let it be nice, and let Miss Harding advise you."

"How can I advise?" asked poor Miss Harding. "I don't know what is generally worn. If your aunt had only suggested something Don't you think pink would suit you?"

"Fink!" cried I, in dismay. "Don't say a color! It must be white of course."

And white it was—a snowy feathery tulle, trimmed with lovely lace, and here and there a cluster of dark ivy leaves—the latter, greatly to Miss Harding's horror.

"They are so common, Enid," she said. "Viet frosted ferns, or pretty bright geraniums. The others spoil the dress."

"Oh, no!" I objected. "They look cool and fresh and quiet. I like them; and I shall wear Arbelle's diamond locket, if she will lend it to me, and have a pretty bouquet. Oh, I shall like it!" I concluded, rapturously clasping my hands. So my new maid Benson and I decided for Bramley Hall, and were met at the station by a close carriage.

It was quite dark when we arrived, and so late that I was hurried upstairs, there to be greeted by my hostess, Arbelle, and Aunt Katherine. The ball was to take place that evening, and dinner had been an early affair. Now I should have some time only to have some refreshment, to rest for a brief space, and then to dress myself in my grandest, and to descend with Arbelle to the ball-room where I should for the first time behold my new brother that was to be.

"Oh, I am so happy!" whispered radiant Arbelle, whilst aunt Katherine, smiling in rather a sickly way, acknowledged that Lord Mostyn was "nice." "But the Duke is here," added Arbelle archly; "and aunt Katherine can't get over that—though, as I say, his Grace has never proposed to me."

Arbelle's dress that night was a pale blue crape, a string of costly pearls encircling her slender throat, and bracelets to correspond clasping her arms. In her fair hair nestled two snowy camellia-buds, and in her hands she carried a magnificent bouquet of fragrant heads of white flowers, surrounded by a border of exquisite lace. Very sweet and lovely she looked, her blue eyes lit up with the reflection of her handsome happiness.

"Enid," she said, surveying me as I stood arrayed in my ball-dress, "you are perfect, but I shy!"—appealing to aunt Katherine, who relaxed in richest satisfaction, and looked kind.

"It is the case of the ugly duckling, as I told Enid," said my aunt. "I think it rather a risk, Arbelle, having brought her here—Mostyn might change his mind."

"Ah," laughed fair Arbelle, "I'm not afraid!" "You need not be," said I, reverting in thought to a picture of sunny nooks and slate-roofed houses, so vividly real was them that I could almost fancy I heard the wash of the waves as they advanced and receded with ceaseless but cheering monotony.

"Dreaming, Enid? What were you thinking of?" asked Arbelle. "Something very distant, judging from the far-away look in those eyes of yours."

"Very distant," I admitted, smiling; and then we gathered up our fans, handkerchiefs, and bouquets—thanks to Arbelle there was one for me—and, accompanied by aunt Katherine, we prepared to descend to the ball room.

To my unsophisticated eyes it seemed already filled to overflowing; but presently the strains of a waltz began, and with amazing celerity a circle was quickly formed and dancing began. I was separated immediately from Arbelle, remaining in aunt Katherine's vicinity, but in a few seconds I caught a glimpse of the blue crape down which I knew to be hers. I could not see her face, for it was turned toward a gentleman who was bending over her. Something in the attitude and the shape of the head seemed me to stand violently. Some one moved between me and the two, but the next moment, as in a dream, I heard Arbelle say—

"Enid, Mostyn wants to be introduced to you."

Mostyn! I lifted my eyes just once to the piercing, dark-fringed ones I remembered so well, and then I knew that my future brother, Arbelle's husband, was not Lord Mostyn—he could not be that—for did I not know better? Did not I know—too well perhaps—that it was Champney Irwin, my hero of Tenby memory, who stood before me?

"Enid," I heard the sweet tones of Arbelle's clear voice repeating.

"Captain Irwin," I said at last; whilst I heard him hurriedly explaining to my sister the strange circumstances of our having met before, when neither had dreamt where the other was.

"For," said he, "I never fancied there could be any connection between Miss Vandeleur and Miss Marston."

"Nor I between Captain Irwin and Lord Mostyn," I said, as coolly as I possibly could.

"If you will give me the pleasure of a dance, I shall try to explain that part of the mystery," responded he, laughing. "I hardly know myself with my new name."

The next moment he was inscribing his name upon my programme; in another he had vanished with my sister, and ere long I saw them amongst the waltzers.

"Have you seen Mostyn?" asked my aunt. "Has Arbelle introduced him?"

"I knew him before," replied I, with such brevity that I felt my aunt regard me with sudden curiosity.

"Where? When? How could you know him?"

"At Tenby. I met him on the sands."

"You met him on the sands, Enid? I am amazed! Where was Miss Harding?"

"How do you do, Miss Marston?" said a low voice beside me, sparing me the necessity for any reply to my aunt. It was the Duke of Laymeton who addressed me, and before many minutes were over his arm had encircled my waist, and we were whirling round in the mazy dance.

To stop near Arbelle probably suited us both, and once or twice we exchanged trifling observations. Never did my eyes even glance towards her partner. No sign from me should lead him to suspect the shock the discovery had been to me. Inwardly suffering, I veiled my feelings, affecting almost unnatural gaiety. The Duke and I became the most friendly pair possible, he declaring my dancing was perfect, and begging for any future round dances which I could bestow upon him.

"Are you engaged for the next?" he asked.

"Am I?" queried I, looking indifferently at my card, whereon I knew were written the magic initials "C. M."

"C. M.! Ah, that's Mostyn;" said the Duke. "Yes, you are engaged for the next—but not for the next again. May I have the pleasure?"

So Laymeton appeared more than once upon my card that wonderful evening, and aunt Katherine forgot to scold or question me as to my acquaintance at Tenby in the soothing idea that, not having won Arbelle, his Grace had wisely determined to transfer his affections to her unappropriated sister—myself.

Other partners I had many; but scarcely any of my dances were remembered by me in comparison with the two given to "C. M."

"I was so amazed," said Champney, when, after a few turns, we retired to a luxurious couch in the brilliantly-lighted conservatory, "to recognize in you the friend I made at Tenby. You had not forgotten me, had you?" And Champney's dark eyes sought mine questioningly.

"No," I answered; "it is not so long ago."

"It seems so to me," he said dreamily. "There have been such changes."

"To you—not to me."

"Perhaps so. Yet you are changed, Miss Marston—no, I ought to call you so—Enid. May't it be Enid?"

"It ought to be," replied I. "Brothers-in-law don't usually stand on ceremony."

So he called me "Enid," and told me to call him "Champney;" but the name trembled only on my lips. I could force no sound from them even when I tried to say it. By-and-by it would be so easy and sisterly, when I had schooled myself to be indifferent.

"I can scarcely believe you are the same person," said Champney. "I thought you were a child—how you are——"

"Not a child" interrupted I, with an attempt at a smile.

"A grown-up young lady," explained he. "I missed my companion when you vanished. Nero and I felt quite deserted."

"How is Nero?" asked I. "Have you got him now?"

"Yes—he is at Mostyn Court. You will see him there when you come to pay us a visit. It was thither I went on leaving Tenby, about a week after you left. My cousin, Lord Mostyn, was dead, with no children, which terminated in his death, and, being his heir, I was summoned at once."

"That was how you became Lord Mostyn?"

"Yes. A most unexpected it was, for he was a young man with every chance of living as long as I. From being on half-pay, with a few hundreds a year, I became a rich man."

"It sounds like a story, like a romance," said I.

"Yes," was the reply, "there was more romance in it than you imagine."

I was vital he meant—I guessed it was of Arbelle he was thinking—so I remained silent, gazing at the dewy depths of fern opposite to where we sat, and listening with a strange sense of interest to the ceaseless ripple of the fountain beyond them, whence a tiny cascade was descending. It was so cool, so fragrant, that lovely conservatory.

Suddenly the band in the ball-room struck up a valse, and Champney, remembering his next engagement as I thought, glanced at his programme.

"Let us go," I said, springing up. "I am engaged for the next. So, of course, are you."

"No," returned he, "I am not. It is so pleasant here, Arbelle is dancing this one with Colonel Travers. Who is your partner? May I look?"—and he laid his hand lightly on my card. "Captain Aubrey."

"Is it?" replied I, carelessly. "I did not know who it was; I only know I am engaged."

"You need not look for your partner," observed Lord Mostyn. "Wait until he finds you—won't you? It is no pleasant here."

"Yes, it is very pleasant," I assented.

"Then don't go," said he.

I knew that he did not really care whether I went or stayed just then—that he did not dream of the glamour that was over me regarding him. He merely wanted to be friendly and kind to me, as any one under similar circumstances might have wished to be; but, with all that knowledge, his words thrilled through my heart. He had said, "Don't go," and all too willingly I obeyed.

We had not been silent companions at Tenby, but somehow I felt irresponsible of conversation now. It was enough happiness to me to be near him and to hear a sentence occasionally, for a spirit of silence seemed to have fallen upon Champney as well as myself. Not even Arbelle did we speak.

At last I was found by my partner, Captain Aubrey, who upraided me for having deprived him of our dance, and jokingly remonstrated with Champney as having forfeited my consolement. And Arbelle came up to us too, looking rather pale and tired with her exertions, which was noticed by Lord Mostyn, who proposed that she should seek out a chair where we were.

"No, I am not tired," she said, smiling brightly; "I should like to dance. It is sure—the next, isn't it?" And she looked up into his face with a happy air of childlike confidence. Then turning to me, she said, "You are enjoying yourself, ain't you, my darling?"

"Pretty well," I answered, at the same time catching Lord Mostyn's gaze fixed most strangely upon me. And then I left them, hating myself, and loving Arbelle, perhaps more than I had ever loved her in my life before.

Was it a shadow of the coming pain that made me tremble even then? Had I a presentiment, a foreshadowing? Ah, who could tell? But how emptily on my ear fell pleasantries and platitudes of all my other partners! How absent and almost rude I was to the Duke!

Yet I was a success—a grand success, as aunt Katherine told me afterwards. If I were not only be amenable and not wayward, I had a brilliant future before me. Arbelle was eclipsed; but happily Arbelle's fate was decided long for Lord Mostyn's wealth was vast enough to satisfy even aunt Katherine, and Mostyn Court grand enough to make even lovely Dene sink into almost insignificance.

"If Arbelle reigns at Mostyn Court, and you, Enid, at Fane Castle, I shan't have much left to wish for," said my aunt. "I shall feel I have indeed done a mother's duty by you both."

"Where is Fane Castle?" asked I, listlessly enough.

"The Duke's place in Buckinghamshire, of course," replied aunt Katherine. "One of his many estates. He has splendid property in Scotland, and no end of money, besides his English places, I should think he has at least a couple of hundred thousand a year."

"I don't envy him," replied I. "A more moderate fortune is more to my liking."

My dear Enid," responded aunt Katharine, "I do most earnestly hope that your way wardness as a child is not about to return and mar your prospects."

"I am sure it isn't," put in Arbelle's sweet voice. "Enid is much too sensible now;" and a tender hand was laid on my shoulder.

"Don't be too sure," said I, looking out of the window to avoid Arbelle's gaze. "I never mean to marry at all."

"What rubbish!" cried my aunt.

CHAPTER V.

Arbelle was to be married in December. Why should there be any delay? Aunt Katherine was in her element, settling and arranging all the innumerable matters inseparable from so important an event. The wedding was to take place at Dene Court, of course, and great were to be the rejoicings and festivities. Directly our visit to Bramley Hall ended, we proceeded to London, there to select and purchase trousseau suitable for Lord Mostyn's bride.

I had never before accompanied aunt Katherine on shopping expeditions; but, as Arbelle was not strong, it fell to my lot to go with her on all occasions, while my sister remained at home—generally in company with Champney, who infinitely preferred that she should dispute us to execute all her commissions, while she took matters very much at her ease. When all was selected, we were to go down to Dene, there to await the event which was to make Arbelle happy and to give me a brother.

Meanwhile presents began to be showered upon the future Countess of Mostyn—flashing diamonds in velvet cases, gleaming pearls and costly trinkets of every description, besides the Mostyn jewels, which Champney made over to her after having them reset.

One day he brought an exquisite set of ruby and diamonds; and when he gave them I heard my sister almost sigh, and no word of pleasure fell from her, though she thanked him in her own gentle way.

"They are lovely, Champney," she said, turning them over, "but you have not seen Enid." And she placed the sparkling parure on my head.

"They suit her—don't they?" she said, turning towards him.

"And they will suit you still better," declared I, drawing it off almost roughly. "I am not likely to wear such grandeur."

Champney was silent, but he watched Arbelle's fair fingers as she replaced the precious gems in their case; and then we talked together, he, Arbelle, and I, until the afternoon deepened into darkness, when he left us two together sitting by the flickering firelight. After he was gone there was a long silence, broken at last by my sister, who said suddenly to me:

"Enid, dearest, what has changed you?"

"Changed me!" cried I, amazed at the question. "I am not changed."

"You are," said Arbelle—"quite changed. I, who loved you so much, know it. You can't deceive me, Enid, what is it?"

But I made no answer. I was thinking whether she was right or not—wondering whether it was possible that through any unguarded act of mine she guessed my secret. But, if she did, she had dissembled well. Even Champney did not dream how, all unasked, I had in innocence bestowed upon him my first and best affections. As little could Arbelle imagine the overwhelming blow it had been to me to receive in my hero my future brother-in-law.

Day after day I was schooling myself to feel a sisterly affection for him; day after day, as they sped by, I tried to bring home to myself the sin of caring for him—but in vain. Vainly I strove to conquer my hopeless fancy; and Arbelle in questioning me as she did sent the hot blood surging over my face in a crimson flush, which the firelight, as I trusted, rendered invisible to my sister.

"I have guessed what it is, Enid," she said, presently.

"Guessed what?" echoed I. "You speak in enigmas, Arbelle."

"Say," replied she, "don't deny it, Enid. It is of no use our deceiving ourselves. It came upon me more this afternoon than it ever did before, and when we were talking together, you and I and Champney, my heart was so full that I could hardly help telling you both outright."

"What do you mean, Arbelle?" I said huskily. "Tell me—don't keep me in suspense. How are we deceiving ourselves?"

"Only about me," replied Arbelle. "You must all be blind if you have not seen what I have felt daily. Enid, darling sister, I am dying! I feel it here"—and she placed her hand over her heart. "I thought I should get quite strong again after my accident. When I was so ill with a baby and children about him, I seemed too happy to be ill—far too blessed to think of dying."

"Arbelle," I cried, throwing my arms round her in an agony of grief and terror, "you are not dying—you are not even ill! My own sister, don't wring my heart by even thinking of such a terrible thing!"

"Why terrible?" questioned Arbelle, almost musingly.

"Why shouldst thou fear the inevitable hour,
Who waits thee at the portals of the skies,
Ready to kiss away the struggling tears,
With gentle hand to close thine eyes?"

repeated Arbelle, slowly. "I read those lines of Miss Proctor's, and they comforted me, Enid."

"You must not talk like that," I answered softly, hoping to hide the tears that well-nigh choked me. "You are nervous, and all this worry of preparation has upset you. By-and-by you will be able to banish such fancies."

"They are not fancies," she replied gravely. "Sometimes I wish they were. Sometimes, did I not? Oh, I am always wishing they were! For I should like to live, Enid. I long so for a short time of happiness with Champney—just for some bright Spring days with him. Yet something tells me I shall never see the Spring sunshine again. But I have tried so hard not to grieve him by saying so, and it was only because you have grown so sad and silent lately that I thought you, who love me best next to him, had guessed the truth."

Vainly I strove to cheer her and dispel her sorrowful forebodings, which she made me promise faithfully not to communicate to aunt Katherine. The relief of sharing her fears with me might do her good, she said, but neither aunt Katherine nor Lord Mostyn was to be alarmed.

How I watched her every movement after that sad evening, and how great was my anguish to perceive more than one ominous symptom show itself after my fears had been aroused!

I had promised secrecy to her; but my duty was plain. Everything that could be done must be done to save her life, and time was everything. She must see a physician—my bright, beautiful Arbelle must not die. So, breaking my word to her, I sobbed out my secret to aunt Katherine, entreating her to set what Arbelle might not suspect I had betrayed her confidence.

Aunt Katherine treated the matter so lightly that, for the first time since Arbelle had spoken of it to me, I began to breathe freely. It was a nervous fancy, the result of her fall—but Sir James Preston should see her, and his opinion would set Arbelle's mind at rest.

So, in a very polite fashion, aunt Katherine paved the way for the great physician's visit, declaring that Arbelle must have a tonic or some prescription to carry her safely through all the rousing fatigues that awaited her—very gladly, I thought, as I glanced swiftly towards her when the proposition was made; and Champney heard it also without the dawning of a suspicion in his heart. He knew she was delicate, so the suggestion did not strike him as strange. So inkling of the truth had fainly dawned upon him: he was gay and cheerful when he bent over her and kissed her pale upturned face before leaving her on the morning on which Sir James was expected.

"Ask him where we should go, Arbelle," he said fondly. "I fancy Italy—but anywhere, dearest."

"You are so good to me," she whispered—"so kind. Dear Mostyn, you all conspire to spoil me."

I turned away so that I should not see his parting caress or hear the fond words he whispered. But instant he had departed, whilst Arbelle sank back languidly on the couch, evidently more fatigued than she cared to admit.

"You aren't looking your brightest for Sir James, Arbelle," observed aunt Katherine. "Are you tired?"

"No—not tired," so that meant, she replied. "I shall be better when we get back to Dene. I don't think London suits me."

"Then let us go back to Dene, my darling," I said, leaning over her, and drawing her gently down on the pillows again.

"My dear impulsive little sister," returned Arbelle, smiling, "we haven't long to wait."

"Take her home, was the sadly spoken counsel of Sir James Preston, after a somewhat long interview with the invalid, to aunt Katherine in the dull gloom stairs, whence she emerged looking more agitated and sorrowful than I had ever seen her.

"That is what he says, Enid," she told me. "He has a grave opinion of her case, the system is so shaken and the symptoms are so alarming; but with care, and a Winter spent abroad, she may recover."

"May recover!" I gasped. "What does he mean? Is Arbelle——"

"Dying!" said aunt Katherine. "We must hope not, Enid; but Lord Mostyn must be told, and, worse still, it ought to be broken tenderly to the poor child herself. It is dreadful—so shocking and so totally unexpected." And aunt Katherine began to sob.

I could not find any relief in tears. My eyes were dry and painful as I gazed out of the window, noting each passer-by and each stray carriage that dashed past, with a painful sense of the coming calamity, yet with no power to realize all the overwhelming grief it would be to me.

I could not fancy Arbelle dead; the world would not be the same to me without that bright companion. What should I feel to know that her fair face was hidden away out of sight forever—that day was to succeed day, night to succeed night, month after month, without bringing her back to me? And latterly there had been a strangeness between us—hardly a coldness—but the secret that my heart had had made me silent to her many a time when I might have been kinder, fonder perhaps. Oh, Arbelle, Arbelle!

"It is a dreadful thing," said aunt Katherine presently—"and such a position for poor Mostyn. I'm sure I don't know what he will do. Of course the marriage will have to be delayed until we see how she is."

"Why delayed?" I asked, almost angry with my aunt for the bare idea of such a thing. "Surely he will be all the more anxious to have it take place at once, if there is any danger. Don't let her fancy such a thing possible."

"Perhaps so," she agreed, doubtfully; and then she turned away and left me still standing by the window, where I remained almost rigid until suddenly I remembered that I might be with my sister. Every moment away from her was lost time. And I glanced each, as doubtless Mostyn also would when he realized the crushing tidings that her hours with us might be so few.

I never heard how he bore the breaking of the dreadful news. I only know that he came into the drawing-room looking paler and sterner than I had ever seen him. But Arbelle was gay that afternoon, bright, flushed, and animated whilst he remained, so I knew no allusion could have been made to what both must have thought of most—he veiling his grief for her sake, she bravely bearing the weight of her sorrow for his.

We went back to Dene, on a bright sunshiny October day, so mild and so balmy that it might have been the middle of Summer but for the faint fragrance of the fallen leaves and the golden russet of the grand old trees.

We were all glad. Perhaps the sunshine had cheered us; but there was a more hopeful feeling as regarded the future, as Lord Mostyn and Arbelle again and again declared the sight of home had done her good—she felt better.

And the improvement continued so steadily that after all the wedding was to take place. My sister's sad forebodings seemed to have ceased, and for a time, in the bustle and excitement of preparation, our fears were, if not forgotten, at least nearly lulled to rest.

It was to be a quiet wedding—only the immediate relatives to be present at the ceremony which was to make Champney and Arbelle one. But afterwards the tenantry were to be entertained in the great hall—feasted, and permitted to rejoice as much as they pleased over the happy event.

Lord and Lady Mostyn were to travel by easy stages to Italy, where, he said, they longed to go to join them. It was all settled and arranged, and, in our short-sighted way, we felt it would be as we proposed. And the great drawing-room, which had formed the splendid together in our childish days, was suddenly transformed into an exhibition of costly jewels, glittering and gorgeous; pale silks, and soft fragile tarse—the trousseau and the presents. Chief amongst it was the wedding-dress—a triumph of Lewis's with marvellous matchless lace and exquisite bridal bouquets, gleaming dimly through the veil that shrouded all.

It was to be. On the morrow Arbelle would be a wedded wife, Champney Mostyn would be my brother—and as such I was learning to look upon him. I crushed down even a feeling thought of the days at Tenby imprisoned as they were upon my memory.

It had been a dull cloudy day, and towards evening snow began to fall—soft flakes first lightly, then in a settled steady manner. Evidently ere morning the earth would be hidden under its pure mantle.

The night fell of the snow storm the bridegroom arrived, accompanied by the Duke of Laymeton, who was to be best man on the happy occasion. Arbelle and I were in the library when the sound of carriage wheels and driving rain were over I vaguely slipped away up stairs—up to the pretty bed room shared for so long with my sister, which was now in a strange unusual disorder, litter and confusion. It was all the evidences of packing and departure, which pierced my heart like a knife, for with all my secret and my sorrow, the keenest grief I had was in losing my sister. I had not been taught to be expressed what angels I threw myself on my knees, and, burying my face in the bed, wept unrestrainedly for a time, until wearied with the exertion of my sorrow I became calmer. Then, rising, I opened the window and leaned out, hoping to see my friend's clock and hear another cheer.

It was snowing still, and I heard the faint dropping and, from the reflection of the hall, faintly lit windows below, I could see that the terrace was covered with a thick white pall, that even the evergreens were bowed down by their snowy load. Suddenly my sobs ceased and sharp it sounded through the still night air—I heard a shriek, a scream, then a hanging of doors and a sound of many voices and hurrying feet.

For a few seconds I stood rigid terror-stricken. The next I had rushed from the window down the long corridor, down the long broad staircase—guided more by instinct than aught else, for I never paused to think into the library, where a sight met my eyes which, however long I may live, I never can forget. Arbelle, her face ashy pale, was lying speechless and inanimate in Champney's arms, whilst a crowd, as it seemed to me, surrounded them. The fatal crimson stream that flowed from her lips told me the terrible story. She had broken a blood-vessel.

What a night it was! What agony we suffered as we hung over her, watching each fluttering breath, dreading lest it should be the last! With what a dull dread sense of hopeless sorrow I heard the low-spoken verdict of the sympathizing doctor—"sinking"—and how wildly a vain, delusive hope shot through me after this, after a heavy sigh, her blue eyes opened and met mine with a fond light in their dying depths, directed first on me—last, most lingeringly, on Lord Mostyn!

All through the long night we watched by her, till the dawn broke in upon us, chill and cheerless, and we looked out upon the snow-clad earth, sick and sorrowful to think that that was to have been her wedding-day. "How would it end?" was a question we dared not ask. She was conscious, and suffering at least was spared her, for she lay lacking calm and beautiful, breathing her life away—sometimes trying to whisper a word to one of us.

She was to have been married at noon, and, as the hands of the clock pointed to the hour, I heard aunt Katherine retire to rest, and she sighed heavily. Soon they closed wearily, and, like a tired child, Arbelle slept. It was so like a sweet, gentle slumber that the awful truth did not dawn upon me until, with a grief-stricken face I saw Lord Mostyn bending over her and pressing a long kiss upon the lovely still features.

What followed I can hardly remember, though I have a dim idea of dreadful days, a blank, cheerless, hopeless sort of existence at Dene, when all that was mortal of Arbelle had been laid by our mother's side, and I lived alone with aunt Katherine, striving to endure life without my sister.

Lord Mostyn was broken-hearted, I heard. He had left Dene directly after the funeral, and gone abroad—where, I never asked, nor did any one care to tell me, and all that sympathy and kindness could do was done for me. Still I remained stunned by the suddenness of the calamity. Could time ever make it more endurable?

"Never" would be the answer of all to whom such a question was put in the first agony of a bitter bereavement. And "Never" was mine, emphatically spoken, when reminded by my aunt of the necessity for cursing my sorrow. How remarked that time would soften it, and then I should realize that I ought not to indulge in vain sorrow when my position demanded some self-control. For I was Miss Vandeleur now. I stood in Arbelle's place—bitterest thought of all.

So time wore on, at first so wearily and painfully that I fancied happiness and joy lay buried in Arbelle's grave, and I mourned for her with such violence that I, in turn, became ill, suffering to a degree that seriously alarmed my aunt. But I was young, and life was strong within me, and with change of scene I soon recovered, if not my spirits at least my health.

So three years sped quickly by, and Arbelle's sad, sudden death became a softened sorrow. Yet still Lord Mostyn stayed away. Where was he? Why did he not return?" were questions that I often strove to answer, yet never liked to ask, until those years had passed, and aunt Katherine and I were in London. Then suddenly, without the faintest idea of his being in England the drawing-room door was opened, and the servant announced

"Lord Mostyn."

Pale, and trembling all over, I rose to welcome him, he greeted me quietly and courteously, but afterwards, when they from pity for my evident nervousness or not I did not know, he addressed himself almost entirely to my aunt.

He was changed. The keenness of my memory of what he had been in the old days made me quick to note that the lines on the sunburnt face were deeper, the dark hair was thickly streaked with gray too, and even his smile was sad.

Aunt Katherine's flow of small talk had never been a greater blessing to me than during Lord Mostyn's visit. It allowed me to regain my composure and to frame my replies, when he did address me, with something like calmness.

"Should you have known, Enid?" asked my aunt, suddenly. "Don't you think she has changed Mostyn like?"

He stared." Yes," he answered. "I think so, but of course I should have known her anywhere."

And there came a pause, during which an audible sigh came from my aunt, followed by the chiming of the clock. Then Lord Mostyn rose to take his departure, but before he went.

I heard aunt Katherine say, as she bade him good-bye, that she was to go abroad again soon, and, though that assurance caused my heart to throb faster, a still happier sensation thrilled through me when he accepted with apparent pleasure my aunt's invitation to dine quietly with us the following day.

CHAPTER VI.

Lord Mostyn did dine with us, and, as the quiet happy evening wore on, I should have forgotten completely that for my aunt's remainder that we had an engagement to go to the theatre in the evening.

I had refused simply for our quiet evening, but now my manner to me must be exchanged for a more elaborate toilette. It is but fair to say that I was not conscious of any vanity in the matter, but I was thinking of Champney's graphic description of the wanderings of a bare arm to him as he wished me to do.

The large, somewhat half-darkened drawing-room had a more restful appearance to me as when I saw Lord Mostyn seated by one of the still open windows with their flower filled balconies. There came a restful quiet over me—such a sense of peace and safety—and as a ship wrecked sailor might have when, after a stormy voyage, he finds himself back in his own land safe and sound again for, though life had cost me much, here and there, and even sometimes with me, I had never been happy never quite free from sadness and loneliness since Arbelle had died and Lord Mostyn had gone from amongst us.

Yet how many I knew envied the rich Miss Vandeleur, and thought that with my wealth and youth I had a wish ungratified!

Why did I not marry? my friends asked, and very mournfully did aunt Katherine echo "Why?"

It was heart-rending, she affirmed, to hear of my refusing alliances such as the proudest in the land might have accepted with honor. What did I mean by it? Who was the cause of it? she asked. But I kept my secret for down in the depths of my heart—no one guessed or dreamt of the real cause for, oh—not or present, the only then I owned for, the only name that struck a chord in my memory, was that of Lord Mostyn. Now that he had returned, I felt I was cold and silent and that my manner toward him. I chilled him with short replies, and repelled him with my silence, when in reality the joy of hearing his voice, of watching his rare smile and listening to his conversation, was almost overwhelming me.

I had dressed as simply but as carefully for him that evening, and, remember he had seen me in my deepest mourning, I was glad that I had chosen it, hoping to please him. But only once had I caught the dark eyes gazing at me as if in rewriting, and, on meeting mine, they seemed hastily withdrawn. Then, as I cast a second glance toward me again until I descended, dressed now in more costly garments, and with some inward trepidation, prepared to see him seated in all the splendor of my ball-dress. It was white tulle, trimmed with silver and exquisite lace; in my hair glittered the Vandeleur diamonds.

Ah, poor Arbelle! They had been hers, and it seemed to me almost cruel ever to wear them; but there they were glittering in my dusky hair, gleaming on my neck, and bracelets to match clasped my arms.

Lord Mostyn did not notice them apparently. Quietly he wrapped me in my soft downy shawl, and, accompanying us down-stairs, bade us a rather constrained good night, hoping we might enjoy our dance.

How I longed for it to be over! How weary and dull were the hours I passed in apparently the most animated conversation! How slowly time dragged, and how vapid and uninteresting were my numerous partners, until a certain Lord Charles Vereker, who had been vainly striving to make himself agreeable to me, observed that he supposed I knew Lord Mostyn had returned.

"Yes," I answered, somewhat anxious to hear more.

"He has tired of a wandering life," continued Lord Charles. "I fancy he means to settle down now. His time on the Nile was not all spent in vain."

"On the Nile?" I echoed. "I don't understand."

"Oh—ah!" returned Lord Charles. "He and Juliette Cornwallis have made it up. I hear they are to be married in the Autumn. She's a cousin of mine—an awfully pretty girl. It isn't announced yet, but I heard it some time ago."

"Really," I replied, thankful to think that the deathly pallor which I felt creep over my countenance was unnoticed by my companion, "it is news to me." I added, making a vast effort to speak steadily and unconcernedly.

How glad I was to have heard of it thus! How well I should learn my lesson before I met him again, and how safe my secret would always be now! I consoled—congratulate him so calmly, and then, that over, I should ask aunt Katherine to take me home. For I was sick of London, of the ceaseless whirl and constant round of gaiety. I should be happier at Dene, looking after those who might require me, in my ducky hair, gleaming on my neck, and bracelets to match clasped my arms.

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Why was fortune so cruel to me? I had striven to abandon—indeed everything to make life bright and enjoyable except one thing. I wished to be loved. I might have all the affections in the world I asked upon me, but if the one person desired me what I received for all other devotion was worthless and wasted upon me. So I could not—would not—accept the offer of Lord Mostyn's hand, though I knew it would please my aunt still within the limit which I had set myself for existence.

At last we were home, and Isabel came in the friendly darkness of my room, where I revealed the feelings of Champney's engagement to my aunt.

"I perceived the news were regarded a surprise to you," she said, "and I am sure how delighted you will be to hear that Lord Mostyn's wealth will make Juliette a good and amiable wife."

Is she pretty," I asked.

"Rather," replied my aunt, with a rapturous list of her beauties.

And in the very darkness, amid I with some bitterness. What is the attraction?" I thought to her, rather why and silence—or appended my aunt. "Some say it is her hair. She must be fair—as I am and twenty men, so I dare say she has more interest about her. It is a good looking—but not handsome."

"Good night, aunt," I said, and let us be silent, tomorrow pretty. I said, so I suppose she has."

I suppose so," agreed aunt Katherine, as we slightly and walked into the hall together, the vestibule of our bedroom—good night. And the concluded—"Go to bed, my dear, and don't get up too early. You are looking wretchedly pale this morning. What is the matter? Are you nervously, as the light from the lamp on the staircase flashed upon me.

Nothing, I replied. I am only tired—tired night," and I retreated.

The fragile tulle dress was quickly thrown aside, and the glittering diamonds placed in their velvet cases by Benson, my maid—a dressing-gown of rose-colored silk, with delicate lace trimmings enveloped me, and—my hair was drawn into a thick rope fastened by a single comb.

"Shall I brush your hair miss?" asked Maria, gazing before me with some of my large ivory brushes in her hand.

"No, Maxine, I don't want anything more. I can do everything else myself. You may go. Good night."

"Good night, miss." And glad to be relieved from her presence, I locked my bed-room door, and then, secure from all curious eyes, I knelt down by the pale pink silk-curtained bed and prayed with streaming eyes and throbbing heart for strength to bear the trial that had been sent to me.

How I prayed, and how long I remained in a

rest of operations across, I do not know; but at last, cold, chill and" choroken. I crept into bed, and my tired eyes were soon closed in a sound but not a dreamless sleep, for I thought I was in a garden—a garden so fair—with flowers so fragrant and flourishing that their brilliant hues almost dazzled my eyes.

And there were great shady trees in the garden, and realms of broad soft grass, and a wealth of lovely alluring lilies shadowed by deep foliage, and there were a thousand sweet sounds in the garden—so new but so delightful to me that I could not tell whether it was sound or fragrance or color that I knew. I only knew that I was in happiness, for it was Adelle's. "Arbelle"—I tried to call her, but my tongue seemed tied by some irresistible power.

"Enid," she was saying, "Enid, my sister, be comforted. There is sunshine for you, not elsewhere, even in the valley where you dwell. There is joy for you until the grassier joy comes and you dwell with us here."

"Arbelle," I gasped, "Arbelle!—and methought down the broad bright garden walk something shone upon me for a moment, the sweetest face I had ever seen. It was but a dream over which I wept when I remembered the tones that I had recalled in it, and realized that only in dreams I could hear them again.

"Enid, my sister, be comforted."

The refrain rang in my ears like sweet music—remembered old melody, both maddening and delightful. And although I knew that dream and dreamer existence and contained no more than words of heavenly-uttered consolations could have done.

Lord Mostyn was to dine with us—that evening, as I seemed to exhort myself well for the task that lay before me. No word nor look from me should let him guess the secret of my soul. What I suffered should be endured in silence and again myself not part of the trial that awaited me.

I would congratulate him, and wish him joy. No one wished him happiness more sincerely than I, if only I could utter the words calmly enough to prevent him from guessing half the anguish they cost me.

It seemed such a long day to me, but at last it waned, and when I went to my room—previously to dressing for dinner, I made up my mind what I would say and how I was to say it, when suddenly aunt Katherine spoke.

"Enid," she said, "you look very ill, my dear, dear child! Why should I trouble you to tell me? Why should I conceal from you that I have heard of your sad trouble here? I hoped she would make him a good wife, and I hoped he would be happy. What I had to do was to get used to thinking of him as a married man, for I had no fair shadow of myself as to be self-deceived that, when I knew he was married, the sharp thought of mine would unhesitatingly fall upon him. It was only after he had married that I could not help thinking of him. Enid, you are ill, you are trembling. I am very sorry that I have been so thoughtless as to tell you this, but I had to tell you, for I thought you knew. I thought from that very circumstance of delicacy of which I spoke that the whole affair was known to you. I could not, for anything I dreamed would happen to you, thought it was not to be with me."

My reverie must have been a long one, for as I had heard Desmond leave me with my uncle, and silence had supervened, I said to myself:

"Dodson me," I said. "I have been very silent. I was—thinking."

"Of something very pleasant?" queried my companion.

"No, not very pleasant—at least, I really hardly know all I was thinking about. I confessed, half laughing, at myself.

"And I too was thinking," replied Lord Deloraine, turning toward me with sudden gravity. "While you were swept in meditation, I was wandering. Miss Vandeleur, if I ventured to say something to you, whether you would listen to me at all. You know—no one knows better—how devotedly I love you. My whole life should be spent in trying to make yours as cloudless and bright as an earthly existence can be made. Give me the right, Miss Vandeleur. Enid will be my wife? You smile, you have kindness in your face even from before and, when you were sitting by me so silent, I made up my mind not to delay asking you if you can ever give me a little hope."

"Oh, Lord Deloraine," cried I, speaking in a low hurried voice, "why cannot we be friends? Do not ask for more. I have no love to give. I shall never be the wife of any man."

"Friend, if only I could," he could never be that, Miss Vandeleur. I love you too well to be satisfied with your friendship."

"I shall never marry," said I resolutely.

Yet as I spoke the vision of a lonely loveless life spread itself coldly before me. Why should I spend my life grieving over the lost and impossible?

Where could I find an honester, braver, better man than Ralph Deloraine? I knew he loved me, and if I married him, perhaps I should love him in time.

For one instant I faltered when suddenly a vision of the beach at Tenby came vividly before me. I could see again the lovely dancing, glittering waters of Carmarthen Bay. I could hear the wash of the waves on the stony sands, and I could call the anguish of mind I had suffered all so secretly when I first heard that Chauncey rolled me a "lovely charming child." I could see him and I see him then, and, lonely though I felt my future ever must be, I faltered no longer. That evening Lord Deloraine was firmly and forever refused and I sent Arbelle's darling hostel from the fear of his rejection. was far from amiably disposed towards me on our return home.

"For it is so unaccountable, Enid, it is not as if you had a face to hide from. Then perhaps I could understand it; but, caring for no one else, to refuse such an offer seems more like insanity than anything else. And it is so disappointing, and mortifying for me, so considering my assist

"For although you have a fortune and a brilliant position of your own, still you ought to marry, Enid, and it won't astonish me if in the long run you end with a beggar stick and have to bear so terribly foolish in refusing really splendid alliances."

"I shan't end with the stick you describe, aunt," I answered laughing somewhat forcedly, "for I have made up my mind most firmly never to marry."

And then we kissed and said good night—it ought to have been good morning, for the day was dawning—and I went to my room and to bed, was I that I had to be my own maid at such an untimely hour—for no consideration would induce me to allow Manton to wait up for me. So I undressed and went to bed, but I did not and knelt down just as I was, in my white silk dress, and my diamonds, and prayed that I might give up a life of wretched gaiety and dissipation, and do what I could to better things.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MOSQUITO.

The happiest moment in the life of a mosquito, who is so constituted as to enjoy all there is of this fleeting existence, is when he makes the rounds of the sleepers during the silent watches, clocks and other chronometers of the night, that he, of all his race, is the sole occupant of the mosquito bar, and there is no one to disturb his happy quiet with. Hollect, for a moment, what it is to be the only mosquito admitted to the bar, with the privilege of practicing in all the mosquito arts. The mosquito jurisprudence: A mosquito with a man all to itself! No barring-up operations that mean so much, and are quite as getting his work in ahead of him, no apprehension lest there shouldn't be enough to go around, no lurking fear of his share in the momentary expectation of the arrival of a horde of hungry and idle mosquitoes, bearing a red banner inscribed "Bread." Bread! Of course no mosquito of epicurean tastes likes to be confined to his dainty meal. And when a man is exasperated by a general and simultaneous attack, he is apt to use and pitch things around promiscuously, into my very soul, and read there the sorrow that I am not to be with him, and contemplate with envy the mosquito positively hustled. There are thousands of mosquitoes, all confident, flinging up about at this moment with both gone and constitution a hopeless wreck, all on account of ignorance or inexperience regarding the simplest laws of health. Our solitary mosquito within the bar is master of all the situation. He has the feasting instrument with him, and his right there is none to dispute, unless we except the sleeping victim before him, and who is he to dispute against a healthy wide awake mosquito with the proboscis in his dainty mouth? Why he can open his victim from his position on the head board, unfolding a point on which to light. His anvil is provided with joy and gladness, a gentle humming tune. "We will meet in the sweak, by and by." He whets his bill, or draws up a new one, polishing on his thumb nail. Then he proceeds to carry though eccentric circles, and stops gently down upon the gentleman's nose.

I an impatient hand he raised to sweep him away, he only hums good-naturedly—feeling quite entirely at home—and gently retires for a moment, seeming to say, "No hurry at all, old fellow, take your time. I'll be back in a while and fill the table if you like." He even lights on the mosquito bar outside the gauze to call his fellow comrades, who are clinging with the desperation of hunger to the outside. "Don't you wish you were in my place?" he says, when invited by throwing his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the sleeping victim. "Not fat fellow, is he? Well, he's all mine, I tell you." Then they dance around and tune their bale, and use their vocal organs, and are mad as a hot pot because the doors of a house will be closed upon them, and they can't get in, and see one of their number who has eluded the guard and crawled under the door. So, naturally, they are excited, and then those enraged mosquitoes could willingly see their more fortunate comrade annihilated right there before their eyes. But the solitary mosquito looks out for that. Long practice has enabled him to elude the most desperate blows at his life. He feasts off his victim with the utmost leisure. No patient who visits the dentist's chair can be more perfectly quieted than with which to fortify his system over zips the wild field more effectually than he does. Sometimes he takes a rest, arising in an improvised hammock during the throes of the setting, seems to be that he has had enough, and then he feast at any time. To the victim that somebody must have it the stillness of the night, and the discomfort of the mosquito's absence, stimulates him to a renewed exertion, have carried home the head of the bed, and the mosquito, who had dropped in on him a little while, and, thinking he'd stay all night, got up to

MY LIVER!

What makes the world so drear-ondrous?
What makes the sun refuse to shine?
What makes me lose my lunch so often?
What makes me hate to dine?
My liver!

Why do I moon and mope and mope?
Why do I sigh and sigh and sigh?
Why wouldn't suicide seem charming,
If I only had the pluck?
My liver!

What makes me sometimes have
What makes me sometimes have
What makes me sometimes have

SONG.

BY E. A. A.

Love little—
The best that you can do is well oft breaks.
A little love answers
Much love the clinging soul exakes
To feed with kisses.

Kiss softly.
Lest you should cause a passionate love
To wake into life for which
For,this day's pleasure oft may prove
A grief or sorrow.

Fold lightly.
Or you might haply wish to keep
Love folded in the cold for ever.
And eyes their saddest tears may weep
When hearts must sever.

WONDERFUL RAILROADING.

How One Train Passed Another on a Single Track on the Union Pacific.

From the Beloit Free Press.

Dr. H. Strong, brother of the general superintendent of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, who has recently returned from Colorado, tells the following exciting story:

Last Saturday our train was running from Denver to Cheyenne, to connect with the Union Pacific at Cheyenne. When within about fifteen miles of Cheyenne and about thirty-five miles of Greeley, and while running up a ten-mile grade, one of the coupling pins broke, leaving the whole train, with the exception of our car, was thrown from the track and badly smashed up. The accident was reported to the conductor of the baggage car, and he surveyed the matter, he told us that there was no engine at Cheyenne that could be sent to our assistance, and we must look to Greeley, and that we were probably from eight hours to twenty hours in Cheyenne, where we would have to remain over Sunday. This was decidedly disagreeable to all of us, but we had to submit. Before leaving during the Summer the Cheyenne preachers are all off on vacation, and consequently there are no religious services to attend.

While thinking of our hard luck, Disappointed to look back over the train and see that what we had been running on an up grade for a long distance, and at the same time I remembered that about half an hour before we had passed the track we met a train on a side track going down hill. I thought strange at the time, and in a way out of our dilemma. I turned to the engineer and asked him if there was any up grade between there and Greeley. He said that there was one—a heavy one, about eight miles back. After that it was all down grade. I called for crowbars and jacks, and we all went down and ran out thirty or forty rods on to the prairie and dug up the ties. As we see, the railroad company have coupling irons, crowbars and such things "cached" in the ground all along the road, as are always ready to use at any time. They have to keep them under the ground, because the air is so rarified that iron and all the ore around it would soon rust. In the action, very soon loose their density, the particles separating and the material crumbling into sand, without strength, and perfectly worthless. While the boys were after the crowbars, I explained to our party what I believed, we could pry our car loose from the coupling with the train, and having a down grade, we could overtake the train and get out. We soon had the car uncoupled with the aid of crowbars, and a dozen or more of us pushed the car. She glided along faster and faster, gathering speed every second.

Not only familiar with the road, the only fear I had was that our car would not gain sufficient momentum to overcome the up grade, though, of course, I hoped it would. The car soon struck it, and I assure you I watched the progress of the car with a good deal of interest. And I guess I made it said that was all. We jumped off and pushed her a little, and down on a level speed, and on the next down grade. I looked ahead and several miles off could easily see the train we were after, but it was also moving, and at that time we had not our suddenly running into a dense mass of flying grasshoppers, evidently seeking to alight on the ground. We had all got on the rear of the platform up to this time, but when we met those grasshoppers we all got inside the car, as they struck our faces with the force of hailstones. Looking through the windows we could see nothing but grasshoppers. We could hear them, and only now and then could we get a glimpse of the ground even. After a minute or two I became a little anxious, as I knew we were going very fast, and, as I had engineered the brake, I started to see what was the matter by tying a heavy handkerchief about my face went out to the platform and seized the brake. For a minute or two I was in doubt as to whether I could hold out against the pelting of the hoppers or not, but promptly, when I was about whipped, our car emerged from the swarm, and as soon as I realized it I tore the handkerchief from my face and looked out the front of the train, with my hands on the brake, ready to avoid running into it. I felt queer, when, in looking, I couldn't see the train, and when I took one look around and saw that we were running on a down grade, with the track about, twenty-five rods off to my left, I tell you the cold shivers ran up and down my back in a very considerable manner. If a man ever put "down brake," it was me. I laid right back and tightened that brake with a will, and I guess that it was well done by the stoutest man on the road. We stopped, and I opened the car door and called out the crowd, I heard an engine whistle "down brake." I jumped off to the ground, and, looking in the direction from which I came that engine slowing up behind us on the track. It hadn't a word to say. I began to think that I would like to get out of that country right away, and we tucked up in my little bed at home until I got well. The fellows that were soon jumping out on the ground, and they were astonished as I was. We started for the train, which was moving very slowly standstill, the conductor shouting as we came up. "Well, boys, you did that pretty well." "Says I, "See here, conductor, I'm a stranger in this country, and though we've had some experience in the last, you'll be blamed if we know what you mean when you say we did that pretty well." "Why, taking your rear pin, and of course you know that some greenhorn was managing your car when we saw it coming down the grade, before the Mipper struck us. We knew it was you, so we were leaving you a hard 'hopper bed to do the trick on." Well, to come to the point, the train was ahead of us, and as we passed so many dead 'hoppers on to the road bed that it was difficult to get steam enough with the rails, so that when our car got along it slid right off the rails, and the ground was so hard and even that it ran on to four miles before I put on the brakes and stopped her, and we were running there over five miles we passed the train we were trying to overtake, the dense mass of flying 'hoppers preventing us from seeing it in the fast."

In conversation with the conductor afterward I learned that it was quite a trick of the engineers of the Union Pacific to pull off on other train. They will pull heir trains off the track, or by undiscovered by reason of the density of the dust, pull their trains off the track, and when the passed train fetches up they will "set 'em up" for all hands. As it is upper time, and to get down to their supper, and to get on the train they hitched a hopper plow on to the rear car, and the engine and train backed up to the wreck, from which we had a hard job to get our passengers, with those we had travelled eight hours in Union.

HOW THE FRENCH WORKMAN LIVES.

From the St. Louis Republican.

The French laborer probably gets more for his wages than any other. His living is cheaper and more nutritious. His bonillon is the liquid essence of beef a penny per bowl. His bread at the restaurant is thrown in without any charge, and is the best bread in the world. His hot coffee and milk are peddled about the streets in the morning at a sou per cup. His coffee, not slops. His half bottle, of Chablis thrown in at a meal costing twelve cents. For a few cents he may enjoy an evening entertainment at one of the many minor theatres, with his children. Strychnine is not in the lemonade mixed at the theatre. No gallery gods, no peanuts, no smoke, drunkenness, yelling or hissing. No Bowery element. The most gallerian and museum of the Louvre, Hotel de Cluny, palace of the Luxembourg and Versailles are free for him to enter. Art and science hold out to him their choicest treasures. Nothing is too costly for his enjoyment and frugality do not mean that economical mismanagement and self-denial which deprive life of everything which makes it worth living for. Economy in France more than in any other country means a civilization of which America has no idea, but it does not mean a plodding process of refusing life in order to obtain a bare subsistence.

MR. PONGO.

The London Spectator thus speaks of the famous London gorilla: Mr. Pongo is a sociable, and his attendant declares him to be "very good natured;" the eyes are serious and quiet, by no means so melancholy as the eyes of most monkeys with whom we have previously dealt, and the mouth is not shut, but hitches himself against the wires of his cage, his legs extended, one arm lying contiguously to him and the other thrown over his head while he indolently scratches his head; he reminds one of Punch's pictures of an Irish Fenian, without the brutality, the low forehead, and the brindled hair. He is not four years old, but looks fifty, and there is not the constriction between his face and his manner which exists in the case of most monkeys, for his demeanor is that of a middle-aged. Such, perhaps, that he remembers the Chahoon, his captivity, and his slaughtered relatives, but that he thinks it most spectators is he don't talk to him a bore, and the owner of the Aquarium, Bostock, tells us that he is fond of children, and he certainly heightened up when some came in, but they were shy of him, and did not respond to his hint that a little pea nut would be agreeable. He gravely climbs the ladder with derisive ease, and, into the stomach of the wire-work screws of his cage with nice attention; but he seemingly makes up his mind each time that it will not "bear," and relinquishes the attempt to follow a dauntless chimpanzee, who rushes about over everything during fearless feats, dangling himself by the ropes, just out of reach of the barking and jumping dog, and mocking at the bear who looks fifty, and there is not the constriction between his face and his manner which exists in the case of most monkeys, for his demeanor is that of a middle-aged. Such, perhaps, that he remembers the Chahoon, his captivity, and his slaughtered relatives, but that he thinks almost

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PHILADELPHIA
1821

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Special Notices, 75 cents per line.
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Or HENRY C. PEET, 97 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 15, 1877.

TWO NEW SERIALS.

In the next number of the Post we shall commence the publication of a new serial romance, from the pen of Mrs. Mary F. Schaffer, entitled

"TRIED BY FIRE."

We shall also begin another new serial tale, entitled, "For Love's Sake Only," which is concluded in this issue, called

"FALSE TO HIMSELF."

Both these stories are finely written, and are full of interest from beginning to end. We heartily recommend them to our readers, and assure them that they will amply repay perusal.

THE POETRY OF GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

Though the majority of people now-a-days, especially those who go to the theatre, are thoroughly familiar with the brilliant comedies of George Colman, the Younger, few, perhaps, are aware that their author also left behind him quite a number of comic poems of a very high order of merit. In fact, it is scarcely too much to say that England never produced a better comic poet than George Colman the Younger. He had the gift of punning and playing upon words to the extent that Tom Hood possessed it, but he had in ever-brimming abundance that deep, unctuous, side-splitting humor which Hood never succeeded in attaining. Hood could raise smile after smile, but for raising the genuine, hearty laugh, Colman was the man. Besides being a thorough master of humor, Colman was a satirist of much power, and not a few of his satirical verses are worthy of lasting remembrance. The poems positively known to have been written by this author are embraced in four small volumes, called, respectively, "Broad Grins," "My Night-gown and Slippers," "Vagaries Vindicated," and "Eccentricities for Edinburgh." In addition to these, there is a volume extant styled "Eccentric Tales in Verse," the authorship of which is ascribed to Colman. The poems in the latter book of collection, in our opinion, were evidently written by him, though we think them the crude productions of his youthful days, before his genius had reached any degree of maturity.

"Broad Grins" is an earlier work re-constructed and enlarged, and the best poems in it are "The Maid of the Moor," "The Knight and the Friar," and "The Elder Brother." The latter contains the inimitable episode of "Toby Tossgel," one of the best-drawn and most laughter-provoking London night-scenes to be found anywhere. In "Poetical Vagaries," the principal poem is "The Lady of the Week," a truly admirable burlesque on Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," in which Scott's style is travestied to perfection even to the most minute details. In the "Vagaries" also occurs "Love Amid Ruins," a parody on Lord Byron, of Mr. Daw," which is intensely comic. The editor of the first American edition of "Broad Grins" thus wrote of that work: "There has scarcely ever before appeared in the literary world a work of its kind of more genuine merit. The strange taste for ghosts, hobgoblins, coffins, castles, spectres, etc., exhibited in the writings of Mrs. Radcliffe, Lewis and others, is with great wit and severity exposed and ridiculed. The Lady of the Knight and the Friar' is perhaps unequaled in the spirit of satire and ridicule. Though attacking many of the writers of the day, the arrows of his Coleman's wit are not thrown at the elegant simplicity of the author of 'The Farmer's Boy,' but Peter Pindar comes not undeservedly under the lash." But Colman's poems have one great fault, a fault which to a considerable degree neutralizes their worth: they lack moral sobriety and are sullied, here and there, with looseness of tone. This in so fine a writer as Colman, making all due allowance for the time in which he lived, is absolutely unpardonable, and a doubtless reason why his productions are not generally read at the present day.

ASTRONOMY.

Since the planet Mars has shone so brilliantly in the heavens, there has been a great and wide-spread revival of popular interest in astronomy, and people everywhere are raking up the knowledge of the stars they gained at school and have steadily been forgetting ever since. Latterly, too, the newspapers, those watchful caterers to the wants of readers, have teemed with astronomical matters, and the magazines for young and old, promptly taking the cue, have literally overflowed with information respecting the heavenly bodies. All this is quite natural, and, perhaps, well enough, but like all other spasmodic revivals it will have its day, so far as the masses are concerned, and then be set aside for the next absorbing sensation. It is a lamentable fact that the American public never go into any measure of profound knowledge deeply enough for it to become a lasting, or even profitable, investment on them.

Of course, people are interested in Mars. They have brilliantly before them their every-day and most absurd is every day. They know through the medium of the press that scientific men, who have devoted their lives to star-gazing, have their telescopes leveled at it, and that the discoveries that have been and will yet be made in relation to it will have some important bearing on our knowledge of the unknown worlds that roll through space, but, after a little prattle and excitement, they will subside again into their normal apathy and leave Mars and the rest of the planets in the undisturbed possession of the aforesaid scientists. Perhaps, one great reason why astronomy will fail to retain its hold on the masses, after the Mars furore passes away, is to be found in the fact that the astronomers, in writing about the wonders of the astral spheres, couch their knowledge in terms beyond the general apprehension, and bury their ideas so deeply in technical and learned phrases that they form "a fountain shut up and a book sealed" for the vast majority of every-day readers. Americans want simplicity even in their learning, and if it is denied them, will pass knowledge by as of too much trouble to acquire.

As a science astronomy is yet in its infancy. It has made giant strides in the last hundred years, it is true, but even the astronomers themselves are yet vastly in the dark concerning it. Various and conflicting theories are afloat in relation to almost every star that is visible in the dome above us. Some of these are plausible and are borne out, as nearly as may be, by what is actually known, but others are palpably and essentially absurd. In fact, the want of unanimity on part of the scientists would of itself be more than sufficient to prove that astronomy is yet in a very rudimentary condition. That the years as they pass will bring considerable additional astronomical knowledge with them cannot be doubted, but, nevertheless, from the very nature of things, it cannot be reasonably expected that astronomy will ever be made altogether reliable and perfect.

Hence there is no more excuse for those practical individuals who will abandon star gazing and astronomical speculation as soon as the Mars fever ends. Feeling the need of something tangible, we cannot blame them for seeking it within their immediate reach, and leaving the rest to shift for themselves. But there is one thing that the Mars sensation should do, and that is stimulate the study of astronomy in the schools and colleges of the land. It has been too much neglected of late. Indeed, it is, in numerous instances, been actually ignored to such an extent that in many educational establishments it has absolutely ceased to be a recognized branch of study. This should not be. A knowledge of the stars is as essential now-a-days as an acquaintance with algebra or geometry, and the youth of either sex who leaves school without it is to that extent deficient in education. We can excuse the popular fickleness and the thrifty housewives if they neglect the science of astronomy, but we cannot so well excuse the teachers and professors who allow their pupils to pass from under their charge without, at least, some slight comprehension of it.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

SPEAKING of fugitive husbands, the New York Times says: "Eloping husbands, unlike eloping wives, rarely become criminality or causes great scandal. are not advertised as eloping wives are, partly because men make the newspapers and partly because there is so much less novelty and piquancy in their violation of law and conventionality than there is in woman's violation of the same. But the elopement of husbands has grown to be much commoner than is generally supposed or known, especially since the commercial distress and financial pressure—now in their fourth year—have rendered the maintenance of a family extremely difficult. Hardly a week passes in any considerable city in the country when men desert his wife, and children too, if he has any, because he finds it inconvenient to support them. In some cases husbands are candid enough to leave a communication behind declaring their intent and the cause of their departure. But in most cases they go away without a word, oral or written, preferring that their families should endure the agonies of doubt and suspense rather than confess their own cowardice and weakness. If the forlorn wives suspect the truth, as they often do, they say nothing about their desertion save to the intimate few from whom it cannot long be hidden; but they take up their new burden in silence and bear it as well and bravely as they may. There are scores and scores of wives in this and adjacent cities who have been widowed since the hard times. Left without natural protectors, they have courageously gone to work and taken care of themselves and those dependent on them. Every year ago many of them had husbands who seemed to be men; but the husbands, not strong enough to bear up against continued ill-fortune, shrunk away, leaving the women they had claimed to love, and the children they brought into being, to fight the hard battle of life alone. Some of these deserted wives have been tenderly cared for, have never parted with a dollar of what it was to touch the rough cold edges of the actual world. "But they have accepted the change heroically, and instead of sinking into despair as finer natures do when they are deserted. A number of young wives, but a few months wedded, have been abandoned by men (generically speaking) who, having little earning capacity, and no sense of responsibility, found it inconvenient to support their wives after the honey-moon had cooled. Many of these fugitive husbands have gone to California and other new States, not because enterprise carried them thither, but that they might be far removed from the scenes of their broken faith and demonstrated shame. If the times had been ordinarily prosperous, it is not unlikely that they would have kept their covenant and done their duty; but adversity proved them; they had small power of resistance, and they went ignobly to the wall. They are not so much scoundrels as weaklings; but oh! the inconceivable power of mischief that lies in weakness, greater often than deliberate villainy entails. When the tide of prosperity sets in, some, perhaps many, of these marital fugitives will be sneaking back, with a plausible story, and begging to be forgiven and taken home. Such fickle families have got on without them, they will want to be partners in their success, sharing the profits, but contributing nothing thereto. They will not be forgiven in most cases, we suspect; for their former wives will have had time to learn how much better off they are in every way without the domiciled husbands. They have been compelled to despise them, and to be grateful for deliverance even through mortifying desertion. Few of the slam-bang writers will be willing to re-establish relations with men who have proved that they never deserved to have a wife. Women are divinely forgiving; they can forgive deceit, treachery, ingratitude, with a blow, but a man they have ever loved; but the one thing they find hardest to forgive in him is weakness, for weakness, in a woman's eyes, has no power to atone."

THAT sage philosopher, the editor of the Boston Saturday Gazette, gets off the following on the imposition of the lark: "Up with the lark" is the lying motto or axiom for early risers, but a French ornithologist, who has been studying the habits of birds, has discovered that the lark is almost the laziest of all the small songsters that make the morning musical. In fact, to rise with the lark means to be a sluggard. The greenfinch seats him all hollow in the turning out of bed, for he gets up before daybreak. Even chaffinches, linnets, and numberless hedgerow birds are up early, while the lark is comfortably snoring and waiting for the second bell to call him to breakfast. The blackcap is up at half-past two, and the quail at three. The blackbird rises at four, the thrush half an hour later, and then come the robin and the wren. The house-sparrow and the tomtit are even more reputable than the lark. It is mortifying to reflect that the gentle lark, from his moist cabinet on high and all that sort of thing, has for years enjoyed a credit of which he is utterly unworthy. It is humiliating to know that the uncomely and unpoetical bright chanticleer proclaims the dawn earlier than the wretched little imposter laid up so long for us to admire and imitate. The slightest consideration might have taught us that a bird that goes so regularly on a high old time must necessarily sleep late. If it is the proud privilege of the early bird to catch the worm, the worm must find the breakfast table but coldly furnished forth by the time he has washed and combed his feathers. Of course he will retire at once from the false pedestal we have unjustly held so long, and gracefully make way for the much wronged and unpretending green-finch, the rightful heir to the kingdom of early risers."

LITERARY NOTICES.

"Moody His Words, Work and Workers" is the title of a handsome crown octavo volume of 460 pages, bearing the imprint of Nelson & Phillips, New York. Boston, Pittsburg, Edinburg and San Francisco, and Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis. This volume is the latest and one of the most valuable contributions to the Moody literature, which has already been made with the view of giving its readers, in one book of ample size, a comprehensive view of Mr. Moody. Evangelist, in his personal history, his providential training for and calling to his great mission; his religious principles as set forth in his many sermons, characteristic sermons and Bible readings; and in accounts of the band of Christian men and women who are associated with him and labor under his direction. The introduction to "Moody His Words, Work and Workers" is "Bishop Moody." It is a new piece of information to the Christian world, showing this man to be a true bishop in the Church of God, in experience and head of a great system of revival canvassing, which has for its field no less than the entire English-speaking world. In this volume, also, is a brief but comprehensive sketch of Mr. Sankey, evangelist and singer, and but another department of this great revival movement. The editor of the work, Rev. W. H. Daniels, D. D., is well fitted for his task with the history of the entire series of Moody revivals at his command, and was not a member of the revival corps first reported the measures and addresses etc. for the Chicago Tribune, when they attracted the first public attention, and afterward gathered and arranged the choicest portion of the reports into a single volume. His work of editing is well done; the paper, printing and binding are creditable, and the illustrations are all that can reasonably be desired. The work is sold only by subscription. It should be widely sold and read by all interested in the great Moody and Sankey revival movement. The price per copy is $3.50.

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HOME CULTURE.

XIII.

SELF-TRAINING;

A COMPANION TO THE

"YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,"

Compiled to Suit Life in America.

BY

MRS. H. O. WARD.

CHAPTER IV.

DINNERS.

Never forget that at a dinner, as on all occasions of hospitality, it is your chief duty to relieve the hostess from every annoyance or care. It must not be imagined that the dinner is simply given for the purpose of giving a grand and purely material pleasure. It puts you in company with persons of consideration, and gives you an opportunity to display your intelligence, or to cause your good qualities to be appreciated.—[Baron de Mortemart Boisse.

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THOU WILT NEVER HEAR ME MORE,

TO . . .

BY M. E. B.

Thou art gone, but I am hoping
In my heart that I am mistaking;
If I'm right, if I'm weeping,
Thou art with me all the same.
Oh, the little things I said in error
All our pleasant dreams are o'er,
Thou wilt never meet me more.

Once the Summer's sun alighted
On the petals of a flower,
And, although her leaves be blighted,
She lingered till like a dream
Time the heart can sometimes cherish
Thoughts that wear away the soul,
Giving pleasure while we perish
Would their damage but ever control.

Thou art gone, but love hath bound thee;
Thou may'st struggle to be free,
In the loneliness around thee,
All in vain—thou'rt captive yet.
Ah! forgive the pain I've given,
And your own deep wrongs of years,
For unless we meet in Heaven,
Thou wilt never meet me more.

A Bride From the Sea

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIN OF A LIFETIME," "LOVE IN DEATH," "LARA THORNE," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," ETC., ETC.

(This story was commenced in No. 2, Vol. 87 Back Numbers can always be obtained.)

CHAPTER XVI (CONTINUED).

She raised herself, and looked with trembling haste from him to me; then, in a voice I shall never forget, she asked:

"Must I go with him, Gordon?"

"Certainly," he said. "What a question What need to ask if a Wife's place is by her husband's side."

She still looked at me with the same dazed, uncertain air.

"You can certain that I must go away from here—away from you?"

"I am certain, madam, whether he is or not—quite certain," he put in.

But I could not bear the pathos of her voice, the anguish in her face.

"You shall not go, Laurie, unless it be of your own free will and consent."

Captain Hardross drew back at the words; an expression of infinite tenderness came over his face.

"Was I cruel to you, Laurie? Ah, I forgot—you used to drive me mad! You made me love you and hate you in the same instant. I—I shall not do so again, dear."

"Speak the word, Laurie," I said. "This man had better go, and ill-treated you. Speak the word. I will go away to-night, and never look upon your face again; but my aunt shall protect you. You shall remain with her. Her solicitors shall take your case in hand. You need never return to him, unless you wish it."

Captain Hardross had grown very pale.

"Laurie," he said, "those are false words—do not let them trap you. A man can set aside that law of Heaven, which has made you my wife, and which must keep you so."

No wonder the poor girl looked from one to the other. "The one was my tormentor, cruel one for her, my innocent, helpless beautiful love.

"Laurie," said the Captain, "I am a harsh man by nature—harsh and stern. I married you, loving you most dangerously, I believe, more than ever loved woman. The first moment that I was left loved you with a love that has been my doom. You were very young my dear, far too young, too gentle, too sensitive, too delicate for me. I saw it afterwards. Seeing it used to drive me mad. When I was mad cruel to you I loved you most. When I felt most infuriated was when you were afraid of me and of everything belonging to me. Laurie, I will never be cruel to you again."

He drew nearer to her, but my darling shrank from him as though he were going to strike her a blow; and when Eric Hardross saw that he hid his face in his hands with a low bitter moan.

So again we three remained in silence too awful for words. Laurie was the first to recover herself; I believe that up to that time she had been too completely dazed to know what she was either doing or saying. Now she sat upright and passed her hand over her brow as though she would fain sweep away her tangled thoughts. Then she rose quickly, her serene grace and self possession restored to her, her face white as death, a nameless sorrow in her dark eyes.

"I had forgotten," she said, turning gently to him; "I had believed implicitly that you were dead. I was not quite myself when I saw you first. All you have said is quite true; I am your wife—my place is by you." She spoke calmly, but that did not prevent her voice having in it the ring of true despair. "I—I will go with you," she continued; "but you must be patient."

Then I spoke.

"It is your own free will, Laurie. Remember that no power on earth shall take you from here unless you really wish to go."

"It is my duty," she said, in the same passionless voice; "there is no choice in the matter."

"Because I would die for you," I cried recklessly, "just as readily as I would live for you."

There was an unutterable faith in the sad, tender smile she gave me.

"I know it," she replied. Then the Captain spoke.

"I gave my wife into your care—I left her in your charge, Gordon; but that did not mean that you were to steal her heart from me. She might have loved me in time but for shipwreck and for you."

"I am no coward, Captain Hardross," I replied; "but I cannot fancy any woman loving a man who strikes her."

The pale, sweet face was turned to mine.

"Gordon, Gordon, I will say no harsh, bitter words; it is as though we were risen from the dead."

It pleased and roused my heart even then to find how she associated herself with me. Captain Hardross jealously tried to take her hand in his.

"You are pleased to see me?" he said. "You are glad that I have escaped death?"

"Yes," she replied, gently, "I am glad that you are living and well."

"It is not exactly the kind of greeting that I have been dreaming of for months past," he said bitterly; "but I belong to the class who cannot be choosers; I find myself tolerated, not warmly welcomed. That I could hardly expect."

"We will not recriminate," said the gentle voice, so low and faint now that I feared her strength was failing.

A fierce mood was evidently gaining possession of the Captain. I saw his face darken and the angry glow appear in his eyes.

"I shall be glad if you can return to me at once," he said. "I left a carriage outside the Court, and we will walk to it."

My brave gentle love, so anxious to do right, looked up at him.

"Be quickly, Eric? My father is here. You will like to see him?"

"Is it too quickly? Every moment you stay in this house is an insult to me. I have no wish to see your father, no wish for anything but to take my wife from the presence of the man who has dared to love her."

I would not hastily words with him. I would not quarrel with him in her presence, although that was evidently what he wished to drive me to.

"Laurie," I cried once more, "only speak the word, not for my sake, but for your own. Say you would rather not go away with him, and, by Heaven, you shall not!"

"Those whom Heaven has joined together let no man put asunder," she said. "I will accompany my husband, Gordon; and I will go at once, if you please," in a voice of infinite grace and sweetness. "I have loved him very much, Eric," she acknowledged, slowly. "He has been very good to me, and I am leaving him forever. I shall never see him again."

"Not if I can help it," interjected the Captain.

"I have not had a very bright life," she went on, in the same sad, gentle voice; "but when I have known him he has been very good to me. I have never kissed him but once, Eric. I am saying good-bye to him forever; may I kiss him once again?"

"If you like," he replied; "it is no business of mine." But he watched her with jealous eyes.

She came up to me, her fair, colorless face raised to mine; her innocent lips touched mine with a kiss such as a sister might have left on a dead brother's face.

"Good-bye, my love," she said; "you have been very good to me. Good-bye!"

I wonder that I did not die in that hour.

Suddenly he came up to her.

"Stand still!" he said in a low angry voice. She obeyed him. "Take off those things!" he cried, pointing to the diamonds she wore. Her trembling fingers could hardly unclasp them; he would not wait. He gave one pull at the diamond necklace, and the precious stones fell like a shower of fire. "Take every ring from off your fingers!" he cried. She obeyed him, and laid them, a small glittering heap, on the table near. He looked at the white trembling fingers. "Where is your wedding ring?" he asked suddenly. She looked at me with wistful eyes.

"I have it, Captain Hardross," I said. "When I hoped that I said would be my wife, I took it from her."

"You cannot refuse to return it to me," he said; and I—well, only Heaven knew the bitterness of my heart in that moment. I took the ring from my pocketbook, and laid it on the table. She took it up and placed it on her finger. I saw her white lips part with a great tearless sob.

"Now," he said, "are you ready, Laurie? I am quite ready."

She held out her white hands to me with a trembling gesture. I dared not touch them.

"Good-bye!" she said; and with a passionate cry, I bore myself away, while they passed out into the gathering darkness.

CHAPTER XVII.

How they went away from the Court I never fully knew. I remember hearing the sound of carriage-wheels, and it pierced my heart like a sword. Then—it seemed a long time afterwards—Lady Cunaljen came to me as gently as a mother might have done, and clasped her arms round my neck.

"I am so sorry for you, Gordon," she said.

"It will not be long talking about, now. Do me one kindness, the last I shall ask from you—arrange for me so that I may get away from here unseen, and then disperse my friends. The worst of my trouble is over, if any one comes to me prating about comfort, or time, or sympathy, I shall go mad."

When the darkness of night had set in, a carriage was sent for my dear. I entered it and drove away. Whither—into what unknown world, what new region of pain and sorrow? Before I had known any trouble—my life had been one unbroken glow of sunshine. Except from the wreck and the sojourn on the island, I had never even suffered any discomfort. Now all was changed. I had entered into mysterious region of suffering in which, it is said, souls grow pure. I bore my pain badly. I believe that it drove me half mad. I remember the pain that was like a sharp dagger in my heart, the fire that seemed to burn my brain, to destroy my senses; for I had lost her—my darling, my love—and should never see her again.

As year after this, when I was still at Egremont, slowly, daily wearing my life away, I read in one of the London newspapers that Captain Eric Hardross had sailed for Valparaiso in command of the Royal Albert; and in the list of passengers who sailed with him was the name of his wife, Mrs. Hardross. I wished almost madly that I could read the intelligence—it haunted me. Laurie on the sea again! Laurie, so timid, so frightened—Laurie on the sea without me, with no one to comfort her, with none to say even a word to allay her fears! I could not endure to think of it; the idea used to drive me frantic. My darling Laurie so helpless, so lonely, and who would have any pity for her but me?

I kept my darling's memory pure. I did not plunge into the midst of dissipation—I did not drown my sorrow in the wine-cup. I bore it. I went away to travel and to forget. I remained, not until my sorrow grew less—it never did that—but until I had grown stronger and was better able to bear it. Then I took up the duties of life again and went home to Egremont. I never entered the room that had been specially prepared for my love. The blinds were drawn in the boudoir—it was as though a dead body lay therein. I did not make inquiries about Laurie. Lady Merstone wrote and told me when old Mr. Stuart went home, describing his sorrowful dismay, but of Laurie absolutely no news. I dared not ask.

I could not rest; the land that she loved so well was distasteful to me. Whenever my eyes rested on the trees and blossoms, I thought of her—when I heard the birds sing. I thought of her—until England grew distasteful to me, for her sweet sake, and I longed with an intensity of longing to be on the sea. In the autumn I went to Scotland, to see that I should thus share her dangers and her perils. So for five years I wandered through all lands. Egremont was shut up; and Lady Merstone wrote to me often, to tell me of my home, to urge me to come home and give up my wandering life. "There are other women in the world," she said, "besides Laurie Stuart;" and as I read the words I could see her face. "And there was the one woman in the whole world for me; there was no other. I had but one love, and I was constant to it.

I came back to England at last—it was the beginning of May. I landed at Dover, and there I met an old friend—Sir Albert Pouafret. He had just purchased a large and magnificent yacht, and was looking for a party of friends to cruise with him. He asked me to see his yacht, proud of it as a child might be of a new toy, as a young husband of his wife.

"What do you call it?" I asked; and Sir Albert laughed as he answered:

"You shall name it for me."

Without stopping to think, I cried:

"Call it Annie Laurie."

The idea pleased him, and he adopted it.

Because the yacht was named after my darling, I loved her like some living thing. I could not keep away from her—I wanted to be always on board—the smallest detail about her interested me infinitely. Sir Albert laughed at me.

I was astonished at the large party he had invited—his wife, her sister, Lady Louisa Acton, several officers, a beautiful blonde—a Miss Harrold—a party of more than a dozen people and a couple of us. We were to cruise round the British Islands, not to cross the sea—that every one seemed in the best and highest spirits.

Can any one live two lives? If so, I lived them. I talked, ate, drank; I laughed when others laughed, I talked when they talked. I did as they did; yet all the time my heart and thoughts were with Laurie.

Time must have passed quickly—it seemed to me that since we had parted for years. All west merrily until we came to the Yorkshire coast, and then the crowning event of my life happened.

Off the Yorkshire coast the weather changed. Hitherto we had had bright sunshine, blue skies, and a fresh breeze. The Annie Laurie had behaved splendidly, and the life on board seemed one long round of pretty dissipation, and amusement. But, when the yacht had rounded one of the headlands that make the coast of Yorkshire so picturesque, a change came. I was upon deck, where I liked to pace alone, watching the water and dreaming of what I had lost. The passengers were all below, lingering over one of the dainty little dinners Sir Albert loved. Looking northward, I saw in the brilliant sky a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. I thought nothing of it at first, little dreaming that that cloud held my life as it were in its dark depths. Sir Albert was the first to come on deck, and I showed it to him. He laughed.

"A cloud no bigger than a man's hand! There is no need for anxiety about that, Sir Gordon."

I knew there was no need for anxiety about me—death had no terror, as life had no charm for me; but there were other lives besides mine to be considered. I called the sailing-master and showed him the cloud.

"I have seen mischief come from those dark Northern clouds," he said thoughtfully. "I shall be prepared."

The little cloud grew and grew till it covered the whole sky. Lady Pouafret, followed by a number of laughing girls, came on deck. She looked round with a shudder.

"Sir Gordon, you have a real love for the disagreeable," she said. "Why stay on deck with such a dark sky and bleak wind? We are having a capital game at cards. Will you not join us?"

I thanked her, but declined; the on-coming storm had a charm for me. Her ladyship, with her young friends, went below. I heard sounds of laughter and song ascend from the cabin; but I saw that some of the crew wore anxious faces, and, sending for Sir Albert, I told him. The sky was quite dark then, and the clouds were so low and so much in motion to touch the water; the wind blew with a peculiar shrill whistle—not a moan such as it makes through the trees when a storm is brewing, but a shrill, piercing, terrible whistle. Yet, Sir Albert only laughed.

"We are going to have a storm—that is quite evident; but there is nothing to be alarmed about. We have a good and a steady crew, we must not mind if the wind be high and the sea very rough."

I was glad that he had no fear. He went below with his guests and darkness fell over the sea. I remained on deck. Since I had grown so tired of life, so tired of the dull continuous pain that never left me, I had often thought of death. Was my time coming now? Were the dark cloud and the shrill whistling of the wind heralds of a storm that was to destroy us?

CHAPTER XVIII. AND LAST.

Three more hours had passed and the full fury of the storm had burst upon us. The wild winds lashed the sea into terrible fury; the yacht rolled and tossed—now high on the top of a wave, then low in the trough of the sea. The hatchways were fastened down; the frightened ladies all huddled together—some of the gentlemen were no less frightened. The sailors were busy and anxious. I have seen no doubt about it, the storm was a terrific one.

"If we can only keep off, Griiby," said the mate, "all will be well; the yacht will ride out the storm if we can keep out in the open. If we are driven on to the coast, Heaven help us!"

Not a word was said to the ladies of the horrors of danger, and Sir Albert steadfastly refused to believe that there was any.

"Boats not half so good as mine have weathered fiercer gales," he said.

He went below. I remained on deck. This was my own element—danger, such I knew that it must be. The contrast was great between this wreck and the last. The Water Queen had gone down in the tranquil calm of smiling ocean; the Annie Laurie was struggling with fierce winds and still fiercer waves. I saw the topmast carried away, and so much damage done to the rigging that it was all useless, while the boat rolled like a heavy log.

"Heaven grant she may keep off the Giriby Sands!" said the mate. "But it seems to me she is drifting on to them."

While the wind howled and roared around us, and the seething waters rose in mountainous waves, he told me what the Giriby Sands were. They were centuries old, the scourge of mariner in those northern seas. More vessels were wrecked on them than on any other.

"Is there no lighthouse near?" I asked.

"Yes, there are a lighthouse and a lifeboat."

The man's face wore a contemptuous look, as though he thought every child in England knew that. Even as he said the words we saw in the distance the great streaming light; and the mate, starting back, cried:

"Heaven help us—we are on the Giriby Sands!"

"Great Heaven," he cried, "have I brought people with me for pleasure, and shut them up in a box to be drowned?"

I was not sufficiently master of myself to manage even than the unfortunate vessel, which was soon hopelessly stranded on a sand-bank, the boiling seas dashing over her, with land quite a mile away. I thought of her—until England grew distasteful to me, for her sweet sake, and I longed with an intensity of longing to be on the sea. In the autumn I went to Scotland, to see that I should thus share her dangers and her perils. So for five years I wandered through all lands. Egremont was shut up; and Lady Merstone wrote to me often, to tell me of my home, to urge me to come home and give up my wandering life. "There are other women in the world," she said, "besides Laurie Stuart;" and as I read the words I could see her face. "And there was the one woman in the whole world for me; there was no other. I had but one love, and I was constant to it.

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up your hearts, we shall return!" And away went the lifeboat through the terrible waves.

"We shall be all drowned before they return," said one of the sailors to me. "The yacht is full of water."

How long a time it seemed before the lifeboat came back again for its second cargo! The storm had increased in violence—the roaring of the wind and the mad beating of the waves were horrible to hear.

"Quick, sir," said the mate, "or you will be overladen. Quick, Captain Hardross!"

"Is every soul on board taken off?" cried Sir Albert, for the first time, as the feeble voice of a half-drowned man cried—

"Sir Gordon is not here!"

"What Sir Gordon?" thundered the Captain.

"Sir Gordon Cunaljen," was the reply.

The next moment we two who had parted in hatred and envy stood amid the darkness of night, on the roaring sea, once in death, side by side.

"Sir Gordon," he cried, "is that you?"

"Leave me where I am, Captain," I replied. "I am tired of my life, and shall not thank you to save it. I loathe it," the man said. There is room for one in the life-boat—there is not room for two. Take your place."

He recalled a step.

"One word to speak before you go," I cried "one word! Is she living and well?"

"She is living and miserable," he said quickly. "Listen, Sir Gordon. She has never been happy one moment since she left England. Now you can make her happy because she loves you, cannot. For her sweet sake I save your life and lose my own."

Before I could speak, before I could remonstrate, he had grasped me in his powerful arms and dropped me into the boat.

"Row, men, row for your lives!" he cried. "You can save me if you will."

But, as he said the words, he knew they were vain. The yacht would be under water before the boat reached land. I cried out, I protested, but my words were lost in the noise of the waters, in the roar of the wind. It was simple madness to think that the men would take the boat back to the wreck because I asked them.

We reached the land, and I had recovered my senses by then. Without waiting for either word or look, I bade the men fight their way back to the wreck.

"Row, men, for your lives," I cried—"the Captain who has saved us! And I will divide five hundred pounds between you if you save him!"

They pulled like giants, they worked as men seldom work; but, when the lifeboat reached the place where the wreck had been, there was no trace left of the yacht—nothing but the sea full of foam, dashing wildly under the fitful light of the moon.

Two hours later the whole of the shipwrecked party stood round a blazing fire in the best room in the hotel at Giriby, and I, standing in the midst of them, told how the Captain had given his life for mine. They called him a hero, but I would rather have died than that it should have been as it was.

I rose with the dawn to seek his wife and tell her how he had died. I stood in a little white villa situated at some distance from the sea. She was enchanted to see me. She had read the last few days and then. I took her out amongst the roses, and then I told her my story. I had to tell how the man who had struck his wife, who had left her to her fate, who made her life wretched, had died the death of a hero—had given his life to save that of a foe, had in the last hour of his life shown a noble generosity that might have added lustre to the name of a saint.

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As I finish my story, I look up smiling at my wife's fair face, as she asks me if I am writing about her that I looked so intently at her.

We have been married nearly five years, and the time has been to us like a long day. We had fair and beautiful children growing up round us; we have nearly every blessing that Heaven can give. The storm passed over our heads years ago; the only result remains. In the church at Giriby is a beautiful memorial window, and while colors remain, or words retain their meaning, the story of the Captain's heroism will be told there. Over my little children gather round my knees and ask me to tell them the story of the "good man who died to save papa," and when I breathe it the tears tremble in her eyes, and she says softly

"Poor Eric."

Laurie is a great lady now—Lady Cunaljen of Egremont—but she is ingenuous, innocent, and simple as in the early days of her youth. Since the terror of the sea is gone from her, its praise is on all lips; men, women, and children bless her as she passes by, great ladies are proud to be numbered among her worship her.

Mrs. Stuart died in the second year of our marriage, but old Mr. Stuart lives with us at Egremont, where he considers himself indispensable in the training of the children. Strange to say one returns to him the least objection to any of his theories, he says directly.

"Was any one ever better trained than Laurie?"

When I take my darling's hand in mine, I see two wedding rings shining there, and I am content that it should be so. I shall never again remove the one given to her by Eric Hardross.

[THE END.]

An Introduction to the Mikado.

From Vanity Fair to Mark Lane.

Among other recreations Lord George Campbell had the honor of being introduced to the Mikado of Japan. In his "Memoirs" he must tell you how a deputation of us was presented to the Mikado, who is now living in splendor at Yeddo, outside of the fortified grounds within which his father was placed the other day surrounded by 50,000 men. We went in three carriages, and in full dress, the ambassador's English escort riding ahead and in rear. Arrived at the palace, we alighted, driven past guards of soldiers, and through walls covered with grass turf, we were received by the household officers of the Emperor of Japan in state fashion. In the room where we wait, which was the banqueting hall, paper walls, in a table, and handsome gold-lacquered chairs. We sit down and smoke. Sir H. Parkes goes in first, and I follow. I make a profound bow, and as the queen just received, after which we all troop in in Indian file, very fine. Five bows in succession are required, and I arrive in that where the Mikado is standing by the side of a chair of state. We enter, range ourselves in line, bow again, and advance diagonally (this formation consequent, I imagine, on the Japanese rule of the left of the line); the minister on the right front extreme, I almost on the left rear extreme. Three steps and bow; three more and a forward, and again bow three more, and again bow; and yet three more, and again bow; by this time we have arrived close to the Son of Heaven, who stands quite motionless. The minister has the honor to present us one by one as our names are recited. The Mikado does not speak; I think, but one of the attendant officials says that the Mikado is very glad to see us. He does not look like it, neither bowing, smiling, nor speaking according. I doubt not, to Eastern etiquette, but that of the Western world, I can testify, is much pleasanter. We retire as we entered, only backwards this time, and it is all over. The Mikado's uniform is rather good, well cut, gold-striped, white trousers, and a swallow-tailed coat laden with gold embroidery.

We are told to place no faith in appearances, yet it will be found a wiser course to judge from the human countenance rather than the human voice; most men place a guard over their words and their actions, but very few can hide the expression that is conveyed by the features.

LONG BRANCH.

LONG BRANCH, Sept. 7, 1877.

It's raining, which may also describe the past and future, as well as the present. It began to rain yesterday, and when it will stop is one of those things no fellow can find out. That you are jaded by long it has chilled an entire generation of people. They are of a doughy texture. That proves that it has rained for days before, and the pallid faces one sees everywhere. This is how they did it. They rode here: that it takes a day, and an incessant rain to make any sober whatever. You must know too—as who doesn't?—that Long Branch is the seaside there is a mercury in the minds of the people, with a wall-dine, and leap, they skip over the streams with a foot winged like Mercury. Of course it was at the expense of an exhibition of bones—and so was the handsome stockings made for. Where! listen to that. More thunder. When will this storm end?

CHARLEROI.

TOPICS TALKED ABOUT AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Col. J. Schuyler Crosby, United States Consul at Florence, has received from the Treasury Department a three-volumed work on the fine arts, accompanied by the following letter from Secretary Sherman, in acknowledgement of his services at the time of the sinking of the ill-fated Arctic:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

"Col. J. Schuyler Crosby, United States Consul, Florence, Italy.

"SIR: I have the honor to transmit herewith a work on the fine arts, which has been kindly awarded to you under authority of the provisions of the seventh paragraph of the Consular Appropriation Law, approved June 20, 1874, for the extreme and heroic daring exhibited by you on the 27th day of May and 1st day of June, 1870, in the rescue of Miss Edith Stuart Wilde and endeavoring to rescue the late Miss Adele Bernard, for Mr. F. Wilde, from the wreck of the Arctic under the circumstances of peculiar peril and difficulty which attended the sinking of the steamship Arctic in the month of July, 1870.

"I am informed that Miss Wilde will not soon be forgotten, and will be all the more remembered for the noble conduct of Mr. Crosby in the hour of the wreck, exposing himself fearlessly only to rescue others, and saving himself finally only by swimming to the wreck of the Atlantic, which was guided by the faint light shed from above through the water. In so bending you this expression of the sentiments of your countrymen the Government can give it a bit more emphasis when it says that it is a matter of gallantry which the noble deeds to commemorate have honored. I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

JOHN SHERMAN, Secretary."

A moderate-sized house, half covered with creepers, in the walls of a pale green tint, is visible from a distance; its principal windows overlooking the Lake of Constance, and the "Old Man's" rocky peak; the rest almost shut in by trees at either side and the hill that rises up behind and the scenery has been left as it was. Art has not been brought, without even seeing it, first, some seven years ago, wherein amid the treasures of art he has collected and the scenery he loves, he will let re-quote his own words to "get through the declining years of my pathetic life."

President McCosh, of Princeton College, arrived in this country, the other day, on the Inman steamer City of Berlin, after an absence of nearly three months in Europe, part of which he spent in attendance on the Pan Presbyterian Council at Edinburgh. He expressed himself as more than satisfied with the results of the council, which, he explained, had for its object more the establishment of a stronger bond of brotherhood and the awakening of a broader spirit of unity among Presbyterians of all countries than the establishment of any definite central organization, as many people seem to think. He believed that all those who were present at its sessions left them with the same convictions in regard to the union as himself, and that they will all return to their various charges the recollections of it could not fail to inflow new zeal and earnestness into their various efforts.

In the British Parliament they have a little more of the family business than we have in our Congress. Mr. Gladstone has a son in the House, as also have Mr. Watkins (son of Sir Edward, recently in this country), Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, Mr. Gathorne, Mr. Hubbard, Mr. Bass (beer), Mr. Allsopp (beer), and Mr. Fawcett(son). It is mentioned as a curious and almost unique legislative fact that Mr. Fawcett and both father and son take a prominent part in the business of the House. Of the Allsopp family, by the way, we are already acquainted. Of the Bassos, the father occasionally speaks, but the son is not known even by sight to fifty members of the House. On one hand, which is the left, he has the thumb and first finger missing, and he smokes and drink it would annoy itself in anap-ingdient. Again, offerings were deposited on the tomb of Hofer, the celebrated Tyrolese who was famed for shooting tigers, in the hope that his aim for worrying tigers still survived, and he somehow is quite convinced.

It is hardly more than fifteen years since the first eucalyptus trees were introduced into Algeria, yet their growth has been extraordinarily rapid, and some remarkable examples are given in the report of the director of the eucalyptus in inspecting the sanitary condition of certain districts recently. It was impossible for the workmen at the great iron foundry at the Creek of Hedin to remain there during summer, those who attempted to do so died, and the company was obliged to take the laborers to the farms from the interior every night. Consequently they carry them back every night. From 1868 to 1870 the company planted more than 100 000 eucalyptus trees on the marshy ground, and since that time every year through on the score of their labor. The entire works and the railroad leading to them are surrounded with the trees, and not one of the hundreds of laborers has his cottage and kitchen garden surrounded with them. The air is pure and free from miasma, has been manufactured from the leaves of the eucalyptus. Dr. Maurice, a colonial surgeon, has published a pamphlet on the subject, in which, although exhilarating and grateful, possesses also many useful and medicinal properties.

This was said an hour ago. Now, while we walk the storm has grown even fiercer. This is more than a storm it is a tempest. Nothing but the sea and warm wraps will brave it and the grandeur of the scene will reward us. Compared to the sight out at sea on this dismal day, the scene in the theatre last night was tame

A WOMAN'S LETTER.

BY MARY ANNE DE VERE.

Oh father's late for supper dear,
The clock is, Johny, dumb;
He's stopped to talk with Farmer Gray—
He said he would come.

He said he would be home to tea,
But I'm afraid he won't;
He's stopped to talk with Farmer Gray—
I don't want one to know!

Jen, horses are a nuisance;
They're not a bit like cows;
A nuisance, like Jenny's
I could, and wouldn't want it;
I could, and wouldn't want it;
Oh, I wish I had a Digby!
Or, anyhow, dear, to go
With Farmer Gray's horses!

Ben, what's so very funny
About Mr. Neil Wood?
He hasn't any money;
He doesn't keep a horse-team
And how he's attired!
He's only a Neil Wood,
Ah, well—these things are hard
For Wilson squires.

Yes, dear, Tom tries the corners,
Though how there, as we long!
We can't go clear for the ditch,
Or, oh, dear breath, it would!
Why, Ben, you're laughing!
Indeed, it's very funny!
I only believe you!

Ah, well—well—well—that's flat!
But remember, Jen I've thought,
He has an awful temper.
Uncle Charles that I've taught
Thirteen years a dirty boy.
Then one a dirty boy.
To him that is, I mean
Lived by, pet, George is here.

We dine at Mrs. Johnson's,
If Mrs. Wood dare die,
He must stand his annual nonsense,
Or else he'll lose his bride.
Then I get the best, it takes so,
Of their and all up wrong,
For impudence are made in
My heart when—Love to Jack.
—Boudoir Monthly.

For Love's Sake Only.

By the Author of "The Own Family" "How Nellie Lee Her Choice," "Katherine's Mistake," &c. &c.

This story was commenced in No. 31 Vol. 50. Back numbers can always be obtained.

CHAPTER XX.

It is the month of April and Rosamond Carlisle is not happy. Her lover is gone—perhaps never to come back—gone with a cloud over their parting to gather fame from the dust of his hearing the country just now. Some of those she has heard before, others—condemnatory speeches, just too veiled to be openly taken hold of—and she is certainly in trouble long back to Mr Jayne. She understands his subtlety now, and knows that he will do all in his power, be it much or little,to do Gyde Dacre good here. She only hopes that Gyde may be able to prove his innocence, to the confusion of his foes, but mean while she passes many gloomy days of watching and waiting for the news that does not come.

Sometimes the widow she were back in London whose so many things would help to occupy her during these weary weeks. But then she cannot leave Hugh, and, even if she could, she would not do so, for another and a stirring near the parsonage reminds her of Deepard—of their meeting under the larches in the frosty twilight, of their partings at the fit-gate in the dim shadows of the dark eyes and their pleading looks, and of her own wild happiness when she first knew that this grave lonely man loved her and that she loved him.

She has mused about him so often, leaning over the fire in the little parsonage sitting-room, that the place has grown dear to her from the very association. She would feel far more separated from him anywhere else, where nothing would remind her of him. Walking down the plantation path, she has but to look straight ahead, and she can fancy he is by her side. Leaning on the stile—now partly overgrown by a great rampant bramble with rough prickly leaves—she can imagine that by turning her head a little she will see his dear face, and so he is never strictly absent from her at Lynn, she knows his thoughts are with her there, in the place he knows so well, and for this very reason it seems to her that her hard work at Lynn, even if nice could leave Hugh.

One day she is standing in the garden, looking down at the thick border of violets she has planted about one of the garden seats. She has a bunch of the fragrant purple blossoms in her hand; but, while she gathered them, her thoughts wandered, and now she stands here, kneeled in the sunshine, with a world of tenderness in her dreamy eyes—a pretty study for a painter, were one but here to make it his own.

The green door opens softly while she muses, and Frances Lynn comes into the path. Miss Lynn looks pale and worn. Perhaps such deep mourning as she still wears is becoming to her—perhaps over-anxiety for Lady Katherine has brought those shadows about her eyes, those dark eyes, those red lines about her mouth. She looks older by five years than she did in the Autumn. She has not the splendid beauty which makes Rosamond's trouble almost sweet.

"How absorbed you look!" Frances exclaims, coming close to her before she is aware. "Do you know what a pretty picture you make in your dark blue dress, with those dark blue violets in your hand? You look like a violet yourself. If I could paint you now, I would call the picture 'Violets.' But what were you thinking of, Rosamond? I am quite curious to know."

"Then I shall not gratify your curiosity, Frances. What has brought you down so early to-day? Rosamond asks not unhospitably, however.

"I have come to say good-bye." Miss Lynn tells her, a sudden sadness coming into her voice. "I go to London to-morrow—my brother and I. Dr. Hazel has given her permission to travel at last."

"To-morrow!" Rosamond says.

"I said my brother is pronounced convalescent?" asks Miss Lynn.

"Oh, no—but that you are going to leave us."

Rosamond," interrupts Miss Lynn, "do you think I have been blind and deaf all these months? I know why Gyde has gone away."

And do you—do you believe what you have hinted?" Rosamond asks, clasping her hands tightly together.

"Yes," she replies.

Rosamond throws her arms round her suddenly and kisses her. Frances Lynn returns the embrace with coldness.

"I do not believe it, and, what is more, I know that it is not so generally believed as people say. Gyde has enemies—that hateful old Mr. Jayne—and enemies they are the chief enemies. But he will live it down. Think of me and be more generous."

"I have been right. But I am glad that I may be doing the noble thing. I can see you more clearly

(when me for an idiot all these months—and I assure you it is not paying me a compliment."

"How, Frances?" Rosamond inquires; but she laughs.

"Do you think I don't know all about you and that surly cousin of mine? Baiks! Did you think I was blind when we used to meet him in the woods or on the terrace, and you would both look so defiant, and yet steal odd glances at each other when you thought you were unobserved? Ah, my dear, I'm not quite such a goose!"

Rosamond looks attentively at her bunch of violets.

"And I must kiss you my dear cousin," Frances adds, embracing her again in her turn. "I can say for Mr. Gyde that he is no fool, at all events. And now I must go."

Won't you say good bye to Hugh? Rosamond asks, growing suddenly grave.

"If you will allow me," Frances answers, her cheeks growing a little pale. "Does he see visitors?"

"Surely. He is greatly changed, Frances; but he is getting a little more like himself now than he was. To day I thought him looking brighter and more cheerful than usual."

She leads the way up to the little sitting-room, Frances following—perhaps with more emotion than is apparent in her clear-cut, aristocratic face. Hugh is lying in his old place on the sofa, and his eyes are turned towards the door.

"Miss Lynn has come to say good-bye, Hugh. She is going away to morrow," Rosamond announces.

"I heard your voice in the garden," Hugh says, taking his visitor's extended hand.

"Did you?—and hoped that I would not force any of my chatter upon you?"

"On the contrary, I hoped that you would," he replies.

"Then I suppose you are pleased to see me?" she interrogates.

"Yes," she answers laconically.

She has seated herself in Rosamond's chair, beside the sofa, and he looks at her with a great light in his hollow eyes.

"I think you are a long time getting well," Miss Lynn says, in a scolding tone. "I believe you find it so pleasant to lie here in a kind of dream, far from the maddening crowd, with Rosamond to act as your good angel, that you are in no hurry to come down to worldly affairs again."

"I find it very melancholy work," Hugh answers, shaking his head.

She sees then the thin hands, the gaunt cheeks, the feverish eyes, and her own fill with unbidden tears. Rosamond gives an exclamation.

"Oh, there is a rabbit coming through the gate, and another came out a while ago at my sweet-pea!" and she straightway hurries down to banish the intruders.

When she comes back—in about twenty minutes—two fresh tear-stains are on her cheek is vanquished. He lies on the sofa, holding Frances Lynn's hand, with a new gladness transfiguring his face.

"It means to get well for our sake," she tells Rosamond, with a happy little smile.

CHAPTER XXI. AND LAST.

The newspapers arrive at Lynn at three o'clock in the afternoon of the day of issue. Miss Carlisle generally brings her paper up if she happens to be in the village—if not, Jerry Stamp carries it up, together with the letters and the milk, at about half-past four.

So Rosamond generally has the benefit of it over her five o'clock tea, and she always looks through its columns in the vague hope of finding something in it about the discovery of Simon Lynn's murderer—and always she looks in vain.

It is three months now since the April evening when Hugh and Frances Lynn came to the understanding about their love, and Sir Royal has not come back. The grand old house is shut up, the gardens are kept in the same exquisite order as ever, but no one sees them except the gardeners. The new heir-at-law, the marble floors, the furniture shade, ghost-like, in holland shroudings, the great rooms are desolate and unused. Where is the meaning of all this splendor, where the bride that he had hoped to bring home to his fair demesne? He is wandering in a foreign country, she is pining in her bower, while the April showers are followed by the white May blossoms, and these again by June roses and July lilies, and even August tangles of honeysuckles and clematis—and still he does not come.

She has heard from him from time to time, but only that he has not yet found the object of his harrowing search. His letters are dated from many strange places, which he has gone on purpose to visit, in the hope that some vague trace of the man he seeks, or some shadow report or other. That he will eventually succeed in tracing this unknown perpetrator of so foul a deed she seems to have no doubt whatever. He does not tell Rosamond the grounds on which he rests this unshaken faith. Perhaps he does not want to raise hopes in her heart by the mere supposition—yet she has he is unable to express in words his own instinctive convictions. He this as it may, he does not tell Rosamond more than that he has as yet encountered no clue to the man.

Rosamond is going back to London. Lady Staines is peremptory in her command to her love to return at once to her home. If this sad engagement is to take place at all it ought not to be anything, the desirable event will be less likely to take place in London as at Lynn. Lady Staines does not approve of an intimate bridegroom spending his time in travelling about the world, instead of being in his home in order. She is lonely too, and misses the bright companionship which has enlivened her for six or seven years. So she orders Rosamond home, on pain of a lasting displeasure. Rosamond, compelled to acquiesce in her aunt's arrangement, with a heavy heart makes her preparations for departure.

The August month is sultry and oppressive, the air is heavy with the perfume of the clematis that hangs its foam-white drifts over the garden door, and along the garden wall. Rosamond, standing by the window of the little sitting-room, watches the same garden door with half-intuitive eyes. It is four o'clock—nearly time for Jerry Stamp's arrival with the newspaper. Hugh is not asleep in his parish work Hugh gives a stalwart and stout again, and more like the old Hugh of college days than ever.

He is to be married to Frances Lynn in the Spring. Already they have made a hundred plans for their future life. They are to build a new parsonage—a pretty cottage, half twice chalet, half Swiss—at Deepard, and pull down the church, and plant the churchyard with ornamental shrubs; they are to get an organ, and to put up a stained glass memorial window to poor Simon. All this Rosamond has heard of in the Lynn motto. "Et vitam impendere vero," below, and, in short, Hugh is to be a model parson and Frances a model parson's wife. They write to each other every day, and Hugh labors hard at his sternly-real work, with all these fairy visions woven like a gold thread through the rougher fabric of his life.

Rosamond finds that to-day's post is very well without her now. His great need for companionship is over; he is no longer unhappy, no longer lonely, he Frances occupies all his thoughts, not now to the exclusion of Deepard. This fills the sister a little pang, but at the same time she is glad to see Hugh happy once more. She must have left him in my case, and it is well that her going will not be a grief to him. Absence from the scene of sorrow, and her presence is not indispensable to him, may help him to forget it. She will be wrong, however busily engaged, if she ever forgets that sad time of sorrow, since the thought of his beloved is ever present with him—and that thought is better than any other melody.

She leans against the window, while they sit side by side, are each dreaming their own dream—a dream with which the other has nothing to do. They like to be together—there is sympathy in silence between people who love—though they have always been—but each thinks his or her own musing, and does not impart it to the other.

Rosamond is to leave Lynn on the morrow. It is her last evening in this little homestead which she has grown fond for associations' sake. She likes to look out at the glen, to look at the busy cawing of the rooks. The first time she saw the new Lynn Rosamond was among these old trees. How long ago it seems since then! And the old weather-stained church tower reminds her of the day when he swung himself down by the rotten bell-rope, at the risk of his neck! How cruel she was to him—how cold and rude! Why should she have been angry with wishing to hear her play? Was she really angry? This question she never unanswered, even to herself.

Here is Jerry Stamp at last. Rosamond leaves the open window, and goes herself to take the newspaper from the boy's hand.

"Thank you Jerry," she said, looking down at the ragged little urchin. "I am going away to-morrow, so good-bye, and here is half-a-crown for you."

Jerry grins as the coin falls into his dirty little palm and bounds away with a whoop like the war-whoop of a red Indian, without even feigning a sorrow he cannot just at that moment feel.

Rosamond carries the newspaper up stairs. She does not expect to find anything in it about the subject so near her heart. She has been disappointed so often that she has ceased to hope. It is often just at this juncture that the longed-for thing arrives.

Almost the first words that meet her eyes are these, and, though they are in small type, and not in a conspicuous part of the paper—

"STRANGE DISCLOSURE—CONFESSION OF A DYING MAN.—We copy the following from an American paper of a late date, but cannot vouch for its accuracy. Time will show whether there is truth in the statement made less any foundation in fact. In the Great Southwestern Hospital, New York, there has just been died a man calling himself Edward Lynam Lynn. Every one will remember the shocking tragedy which took place last year at Lynn, Marlshire, England—we mean the murder of Mr. Saxon Lynn of Lynn Royal. The guilty hand could never be discovered, though every possible means was used for his apprehension. It appears that this Edward Lynam Lynn was the perpetrator of the crime, and what makes the affair still more horribly tragic—was the brother of the murdered man. He fabricated a Saxon Lynn's affairs before inheriting the property, had been of a restless spirit and reckless disposition, had gone to America, perhaps in search of adventure, perhaps to seek that which his father denied. It had not been heard of for more than a year, when his father's death made him the owner of Lynn Royal. He made his appearance quickly in the old home, and from the comments in the American papers, and soon afterwards married Lady Katherine L'Estrange, by whom he had first a daughter, and secondly a son—the late lamented owner of Lynn Royal. It appears that Edward Lynam had married, while in America, a person of extremely low origin, who had died soon after that marriage, leaving an infant son. On the news of his accession to his father's estate he had dispatched the infant, who had thereforth been brought up by the woman he had married, followed and patient, had kept their own counsel while the lad was a minor. But they had managed to find out what position he had held in England, had heard of his death, and had come to claim the son's estate in the property, though still without making any claim to the ward Lynam Lynn, when he dug for gold in California, and died deubering of his dying mother's people, little guessed he was the owner of twelve thousand a year.

"The woman, who is now old age, the Yankee uncle told him who he was, and what was the future that opened out before him. And, as soon as he could gather together a few necessary funds—which was a year or more, for they were not forthcoming him about from England, promising all kinds of remembrances to those friends who had been kind to him in their own way for so many years.

"And now comes the tragic part of the story. It appears that Edward Lynam Lynn's story gained no credence in London. No lawyer whom he consulted would have anything to say to the case. His proofs—a copy of his father's marriage certificate, and his own birth-registration—were looked upon as forgeries, and he was almost laughed to scorn he went to Saxon Lynn himself, as a last resource. He wrote, demanding an interview on particular business, and received a reply that he would not had to disclose. It is not known what he expected his brother to do, or why he fixed upon so late an hour for their interview; but he himself has confessed, when on his death-bed in the hospital, that he brought a revolver in his pocket, determined to threaten his brother into restoring his rights—or cause them to be. That little village of Lynn by a night-train, walked up to the house by a short cut pointed out to him by a fellow-traveller, and was admitted by the butler who thought he had received from his brother, who had evidently wished their interview to be a secret one, as no servant announced his name into rather than he was shown into the study. Here he found

DAY DREAMS.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

Rosie Bloomfield had a lesson to prepare for recitation, and she determined to rise very early in the morning to study. Therefore, at a summons from the neat little chanticleer, that lived on the roof, she rose from her bed just as the first rays of light fell on her open window, and, slipping on a capacious wrapper, sat down to her task, determined to learn it all before breakfast time.

Rosie's attention, for a while, was riveted to her book, for she was deeply interested in a history of the Crusaders, and the adventures of Richard, the Lion-Hearted, in the Holy Land. She was fond of study, and anxious to have perfect lessons, but, unfortunately, the girl had an insatiable hat carried her off to the clouds, at two-forty speed, the minute she gave herself up to its influence, and now she had a public subject before her.

Rosie was fully impressed with the importance of her few hours of time, but the morning, in its early beauty, was attractive, and she leaned from the window to inhale the fragrance of the sweet-smelling honeysuckle, and her eye was delighted with the sparkle of dew-drops glittering in the first golden beams of the rising sun.

"What a lovely world we live in," thought Rosie, as she drank in great draughts of the balmy air, and her eye roved over the beauties of the landscape. her history lyke unheeded in her hand. "and yet how commonplace is my whole existence! How I wish I had lived in the age of chivalry and been a lady so beautiful that princes would have lived but to my smiles, and with scarcely at my side, to anticipate my slightest wishes! Then, instead of rising in the morning, as I now do, and dressing in haste, in a cold room, I should have had a maid kneeling at my bed-side to bathe my perfumed waters and beautiful maidens waiting to array me in garments of priceless value. My wealth of fair hair, and here Rosie passed her hands over her crisp, black curls, "twined with brilliant gems, would have flowed about my shoulders in wavy locks, adding grace to my symmetrical truncheon as alabaster, with the faintest tinge of rose on the rounded cheeks. Oh! what a vision of beauty! Knights would have done deadly battle for a kiss of my hands, and a smile from my coral lips—" At this moment she was interrupted by the singing of the breakfast bell. The sound, striking upon her ear, roused her for a moment, but it only served to turn her thoughts into another channel, for she thus continued: "Ah! the touch of a silver bell, producing a low, musical sound, a page, beautiful as the cherubs that kneel at my feet, offering me a wine cup of gold of the finest workmanship glittering with jewels, and filled to the brim with ruby—" Here a voice came up the window: "Rosie, Rosie's impudent little brother Jack, crying out: "Rosie, Rosie, why don't you come? I have called you three times, and I wont do it again; mamma says you just ought to go without any breakfast at all!"

At last, Rosie was completely awakened. "O dear!" she cried, and the tears trembled in her eyes. "Breakfast time and no lesson learned—what will I do!"

In haste she put her feet into her little blue slippers, ran a comb through her hair, slipped on a dress, and hastened to the table in a deserted room, with the remains of a cold breakfast looking dismal in her hungry eyes, for Rosie, in spite of her fancy for etherial food, loved a good substantial meal, and especially in the morning.

Seating herself at the table, with a frown upon her brow, she rang the bell, which gave out anything but a "low, musical sound," under her violent hand, and Nora came in to say that she was to make her breakfast on what was before her, as such were her mamma's orders. Also for this! She was hungry, and an array of eggshells, with cold beefsteak, and waffles baked an hour before, was anything but an appetising sight; but her mind was so distressed at the thought of the mortification she would endure, on account of her unstudied lesson, that she ate the cold cakes, and drank the milk-warm coffee almost unconsciously.

To make the matter still worse, as she was retreating in haste to arrange her toilet for school, her brother Will, and his friend, Clarence Harvey, at home on a visit from college, met her in the entry with uplifted hands at her untidy appearance.

Rosie came to grief that morning. She was soundly rated by the principal for her inattention, and was informed that another like offence would be punished by a removal from her class into one composed of girls much smaller than herself; at the same time the principal remarked that it must be sheer idleness that prevented her from having better prepared lessons.

The girl was conscious of her dreaming propensity, and, having a strong will of her own, succeeded for a time in correcting it. For some weeks she astonished the whole school with her diligence, and, much to her own surprise, carried off the highest reward of merit.

Thus encouraged, she made up her mind to enter her name as a candidate for a prize that was to be awarded to the scholar who succeeded best in composing a composition on ancient Roman history.

Rosie was determined, if possible, to make at least a creditable effort to win the reward, and hunted up all the references she could find, that she thought would be of any assistance to her.

It was a short walk from Rosie's home to the river, and she was fond of going there with her books or work, to sit under the shade of the trees that grew along the bank.

It occurred to her that this very spot would be the one in which she would be most likely to succeed best with her composition, as it was a lonely place, and in it she would not be liable to be annoyed with conversation. She therefore took pencil and paper and proceeded thither, amusing herself for a time by walking on the gravelly shore, and skimming flat stones over the surface of the water. Presently she came across a pleasure-boat, secured by a rope to the shore. On examination, she found it was supplied with cushioned seats, and protected from the heat of the sun by a light awning.

"How nice it must be," thought Rosie, "to drift along the river in such a beautiful boat, and, by the oars, what elegant, lazy exercise! sitting on these soft cushions, instead of on a hard stone under the trees! The rope is long, and if I push the boat out to lie full extent I will drift a considerable distance as if I were drifting, drifting, drifting," there she gracefully waved her arms to imitate the undulation of the waves,) "and surely I shall catch inspiration from the gentle motion!"

Suiting the action to the word, her effort was crowned with success; and, as the boat glided gracefully off, she leaped lightly in, not observing that the final rope had been parted, and that her drifting was likely to be more of a reality than she had bargained for.

[no no countenance.]

A Legend of Brittany.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE SOUVESTRE

In a time when the oaks which were used in build the oldest ships in the Bress were not yet acorns, there was in the parish of Guirlek a poor woman named Ninorch Madek. She was the daughter of a man of noble race and of large fortune. At his death he left a manor with a farm, a mill, and a kiln; twelve horses and twice as many oxen, twelve cows, and ten times as many sheep, to say nothing of the grain and the flax.

But the brothers of Ninorch, seeing that she was a widow, excluded her from the division. Perrik, who was the oldest, kept the manor, the farm, and the beeves; Fanche, the second, took the mill and the cows; the third, named Roiral, had the oxen, the kiln and sheep, so that there was left for Ninorch only a hut without any door, built on the moor, and where they had formerly sent the sick cattle.

However, as she was about moving there with her little stock of furniture, Fauche seized the table plug in her, and said:

"I want to act toward you as a brother and a Christian. - Here is a black cow which has never been worth anything, and hardly gives milk enough to nourish a new-born child; you may lead her away with you, and little White-thorn can take care of her on the moor."

Little White-thorn was the widow's daughter —a child who was nearly eleven years old, but so small and so fine that they gave her that little name of a bush blossom. Ninorch went away with them, with her little pale daughter, who led the thin cow by an old rope, and she and them bent their heads.

Little White-thorn stayed there all day to watch the black cow, who had a good deal of trouble in finding any grass among the stones. The child spent her time in making little crosses of broom flowers, or in repeating aloud her prayers to the Virgin. One day, as she was singing the Ave Maria Stella, as she had heard it in the church at Guirlek, she saw, all at once, a little bird which alighted on one of the flowercrosses that she had stuck in the ground, and which began to warble, moving its head and looking at her. It sang as if it might be spoken to her. The little girl, surprised, gently approached and listened, but without being able to distinguish what the bird said. In vain it warbled louder, shook its wings, and flew there before little White-thorn. She could comprehend nothing from all its movements. However, she found so much pleasure in seeing and hearing it, that she let night come on, thinking of nothing else. At last the bird flew away, and when she raised her head to see where he had gone, she saw the stars in the sky.

She ran very fast then to look for old Black, but she could not find her anywhere on the moor. She called her as loud as she could; she struck the tufts of brown grass with her stick; she went down into the hollows where the rain had made little pools; all was of no use. At last she heard her mother's voice calling her, as if some great misfortune had happened. She ran toward her, struck with fear, and at the entrance to the field, in the road which led to the hut, she found the widow standing by old Black, whom the wolves from the woods of Trieux had devoured. There was left of the poor animal only the horns and the bones.

At this sight little White-thorn felt her blood turn cold. She threw herself on her knees, crying, for she had taken care of old Black too long not to love her.

She had no heart to eat her supper, and she awoke many times in the night, thinking she heard old Black lowing at the door. Well, the next morning she got up before daylight, and ran to the moor barefoot, with only her petticoat on.

As she entered the heather, she saw the little bird, who was again perched on the cross of broom-flowers that she had fixed there, and he was singing, and seemed to be calling her. Unhappily, she could understand him no better than the day before, and she was going away grieved, when she thought she saw a gold stick shining on the ground. She was going to turn it over with her foot, but it was the goldherb, and hardly had she touched it when she found that now she could hear distinctly the language of the little bird, who said to her in his warbling:

"Little White-thorn, I wish you well. Little White-thorn, listen to me."

"Who are you?" asked little White-thorn, much astonished at being able th understand an unbaptized creature.

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"You shall have a golden cross, and you shall wear silken shoes like a child of noble birth," replied Robin Redbreast.

"And what must I do for all that, my dear little heart?"

"You must follow me wherever I lead you."

Little White-thorn answered that she asked nothing better, and began to run, following Robin Redbreast. He made her cross the moors, then the thickets, then the fields of rye, and at last he reached the downs opposite the seven islands.

There he stopped and said to the little girl: "Do you see nothing on the sands there before you?"

"Yes, indeed," answered little White-thorn. "I see beeches shoes and a holly stick."

"Put on the shoes, and take the stick."

"It is done, sir."

"Now must walk on the sea till you come to the first island, and you must go round it till you come to a rock on which grows a tuft of rushes the color of the sea."

"And after that?"

"You must gather the rushes and make a cord of them."

"It is the same as done."

"Then you must strike the rock with your holy-stick: a cow will come out, and you must father her with it to the top of rock, and lead her to your mother to console her for having lost old Black."

Little White-thorn did all that Robin Redbreast had told her. She saw, as she walked on the sea, made the cord of rushes, struck the rock, and a cow appeared who had an eye as soft as a young dog's, and skin as smooth as a prairie-gosling's. She seemed covered with white flowers, hung nearly to the ground. Little White-thorn led her to the cabin of the widow, who, at the sight, was as glad as she had before been sorrowful.

But it was quite another thing when she began milking Mor-Vyoch, which was the name Robin Redbreast had given the animal: the milk flowed in streams whitest as foam, without stopping, like the water of a spring.

Ninorch filled at first all the earthen pans in the neighborhood, then all the wooden churns; and then the milk didn't stop.

Soon nothing was talked of in all the countryside but the widow's cow, and they came from all quarters to see her. The priest of Perzagnin's house was the others, to find out if it were not a trick of the evil one, but after having placed the stole on the head of Mor-Vyoch, he declared that there was nothing to fear from her.

The richest farmers then proposed to Ninorch to buy her, and each outbid the other. At last came Perrik in his turn, and said to her, "If you are a Christian, you will not forget that I am your brother, and you will give the preference over the others. Let us take away Mor-Vyoch with other good cattle belonging to me, and I will give you in exchange as much of my own as it takes tailors to make a man."

The widow replied, "Mor-Vyoch is not only worth a large sum, but she is worth as much as all that grass in all the pastures of the high and low country. With her I can furnish all the markets of Trequier and of Cornwall from Lent to Carlsday."

"Well," urged Perrik: "give her to me, my sister, and I will give up to you our father's farm where you were born, and all the fields, the ploughs and the harrows."

Ninorch accepted this proposal.

She accompanied them to the farm, and after having lifted a clod from the field, drunk from the well, made a fire on the hearth and put some hairs from the horse's tails to prove that she had become mistress of all these things, she gave Mor-Vyoch to Perrik, who led her away to a house which he had a long way off, done by Mauss-Benoc.

Little White-thorn cried a good deal when she saw her go away, and remained sad all day; however, when night came she went to the moor to see her friend, the bird. He sang and while filling the racks she said to herself, "Alas! why isn't Mor-Vyoch here? When shall I ever see Mor-Vyoch again?"

She had not finished when she heard a lowing behind her; and, as stepping on the gold herb she had learned the language of all the animals, she understood that this lowing meant, "Here I am, your mother's pasture."

"I cannot belong to uncle Perrik," said Mor-Vyoch; "for my nature prevents my staying with persons who are in a state of mortal sin. I have been there for years as before."

"Then my mother must give back the farm, the fields, and the flocks."

"No; because all that had been taken from her unjustly by her brother."

"But he will come to look for you here, and recognize you.

"Go first and pluck three leaves of the herb of the cross, and I will tell you what to do."

Little White-thorn soon returned with the three leaves.

"Now," said Mor-Vyoch, "pass the leaves from your horns to my tail, and say three times in a low voice, 'Saint Ronan of Hybernia! Saint Ronan of Hybernia! St. Ronan of Hibernia!'"

Little White-thorn did so; and at the third call the cow had become a fine horse. The little girl was wonder-struck.

"Now" said the animal, "your uncle Perrik cannot claim me, because my name is no longer Mor-Vyoch, but March-Mor."

On learning what had happened, the widow was greatly rejoiced, and the very next day she took occasion to try her horse, to send some wheat to Trequier. But imagine her surprise when she saw that March-Mor's back enlarged in proportion to the burden laid upon it, so that he could carry alone as many sacks as all the horses of the farm. The rumor of it spread through the neighborhood. Fanche, hearing it, came to the farm, and when he had seen March-Mor, he begged his sister to sell him the horse; but she refused until he had offered to give in exchange his cows and his mill, and all the pigs which he was fattening there.

The bargain being made, Ninorch went to take possession of her new acquisitions, as she had done at the farm, and Fauche led away March-Mor.

But in the evening the horse came back again to little White-thorn, who went and gathered the three leaves of vervain as on the night before, and when she sight, thinking she had old Black lowing at the door. Well, the next morning she got up before daylight, and ran to the moor barefoot, with only her petticoat on.

As she entered the heather, she saw the little bird, who was again perched on the cross of broom-flowers that she had fixed there, and he was singing, and seemed to be calling her. Unhappily, she could understand him no better than the day before, and she was going away grieved, when she thought she saw a gold stick shining on the ground. She was going to turn it over with her foot, but it was the goldherb, and hardly had she touched it when she found that now she could hear distinctly the language of the little bird, who said to her in his warbling:

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PATH-CAUX DIVORCE.

From further developments in this cause celebre, perhaps the most extraordinary one having regard to the relative character of the two persons more especially implicated by the decision of the French court, the lady being the first prima donna of at least one of the first in the world, and the Marquis belonging to one of the highest families of France, it seems sufficiently manifest that no one could be indicted for bigamy in any other land. She could be indicted for bigamy the moment she would set her foot on French soil. To say one conversant with social life in Paris, the difficulty to be encountered by getting married is surrounded with such safeguards if they can be so called, and such absurd formalities, that we find among the names married the exception and not the rule, while thousands, it is notorious, live in a state that would be held to be ruin in England. Whether Patti will defy public opinion and like wise herself the men of her house has not transpired, but should the French Marquis, is a problem time alone can settle.

We believe this great defect of the French marriage law to be the only impediment of France has remained without perceptible increase for very many years, for it will be found that the population of Paris is not augmented to any extent compared side to the other countries of Europe, but, on the contrary, is a complete exception to the surrounding countries.

In the Patti-Caux case it is most remarkable that whilst the French court exonerates the Marquis from any blame whatever, and condemns the prima donna not only to divorce but even to the costs of the suit, yet within the pale the Marquis cannot marry again, thereby condemning the innocent (in the court's opinion) as well as the guilty. The not result of this is that the world will not receive the divorcee in that French mode of social life, which cannot be recognized by ally good code of society in the world.

It is an interesting opposition of social life—whether assuming the prima donna to marry Nicolini, the famous tenor, and that the Marquis should forgive the French authorities would have her indicted for bigamy. We know the French law is in every respect very strict as regards the crime of bigamy, but the judges and other administers of the law in political cases, are, we fear, but the tools in the hands of their superiors of the day.

The latest rumor that comes to us is that Patti is about to enter a convent. This we do not credit, as she is too well aware of the value of her high position as a lyric artist to abandon it in the very zenith of her career; and also because we believe that she has never shown such a religious tendency through out her artistic life as would justify the belief that she would submit to the strict rules and discipline of conventual life.

We must not only of prima donnas, but even of kings and queens, entering a cloistered life.

BUT THIS WAS IN THE "AGES OF FAITH,"

when the most exalted personages sought relief from the cares and sorrows of this world in a life of retirement and prayer. It would certainly be a most singular thing in the great prima donna, who had been used to the homage and adulation of the most excellent personages in the world, and who, indeed, was the cynosure of almost triangles on the lyric stages of Paris, St. Petersburg, Vienna and London, don the habit of an humble religieuse, and take the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. We expect we do not credit the statement, but, on the contrary, believe after the lapse of a short time Patti will resume her role of operatic artiste, and probably seek relief from European scandal colories by a professional tour of this continent, when, undoubtedly, she would gather around her audiences, not only by her unquestionable talents, but also from the immense notoriety given her by this great divorce suit.

This is said to be the age of progress and palpitation. Indeed, but what is the real civilization of the French people, the sooner they change their marriage laws the better will it be for all wronged husbands and wives, and the sooner also will they put an end to the most glaring scandal, so unblushing and so shameful, by which not only the morals of Paris, but of France, marriage is made not the rule but the exception.

There can be no doubt that the state of the French law is owing to the peculiar ideas held by the better class in France of the sacredness of the marriage tow, but whilst this is the letter of the law, its spirit is violated by the followers of the French revolution, who not only despised marriage tho, but created a temple (now the Church of the Madeleine) to the worship of the Goddess of Reason, and set up the statue of a woman for the worship of all who believed in such diabolical principles.

We read constantly of international commissions and of various other efforts made for the assimilation of the laws of nations, one with the other, in the interests of humanity, but surely there ought to be an international marriage law by which every nation would recognize the wisdom and even good policy of the marriage tie, and would agree to be happy as man and wife, they should be relieved from the terrible, let-beside burden of each other, and be allowed, if they so wished to some one more congenial to their tastes, and with whom they would hope to attain that greatest of earthly blessings, domestic happiness.

We can, therefore, see no good sense or justice in this divorce of the Patti Caux parties, inasmuch as they are compelled by French law, not only to separation, but to a life which can only be that of open shame and infamy to the parties themselves, but perpetuate that social sin so common in Paris, and we believe throughout most districts of fair France.

KNOWLEDGE of the world must be combined with study, for this, as well as better reasons, the possession of learning is always individual, and it requires considerable tact to inform without a display of superiority, and to ensure esteem, as well as admiration.

MEANNESS and conceit are frequently combined in the same character, for he who to obtain transient applause will be in his judgment to truth, and his own dignity, will be at little scrupulous about them if, subsequently, he can improve his credit in the eyes of the world.

THERE is no absurdity in approving as well as condemning the same individual: for as few people are always in the right, so no the other hand it is improbable they should be always in the wrong.

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Is a notorious fact. It is therefore of vital import ance to those afflicted with Piles or Hemorrhoids, to have a chance to develop other and more dangerous diseases. A sentence of this kind condemns which, if allowed to proceed, finally dooms the entire system. Hoofland's German Bitters is a medicine the effects of which are to give a straight edge upon the sick and feeble. The physical functions are regulated by it, it hastens the acquisition of vigor by the debilitated, and it is a tonic of the most powerful kind for gloom and despondency. Dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint and kidney and bladder troubles yield to it, and it is a blessing to females. It counteracts a tendency to group and rheumatism, and intigorates the nervous. Moreover, it is derived from purely botanical sources, and in this, as in every other respect, is superior to the mineral remedies of the day.

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PHYSICIANS of all schools who are associated with the Pond's Extract Company, have recommended it in their practice. We have letters of commendation from them by the hundred. Use by only persons Having

Know how powerful and penetrating before all other preparations of Witch Hazel. Pond's Extract is the only pure and unadulterated, and is the specific of the Company and Europe.

CAUTION! Pond's Extract has been imitated. The genuine article has the words Pond's Extract blown in the glass, and our name is never sold by the only persons Having

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THE LIGHT.

A light shone out in the darkness,
And I said, "I will enter that house—
Because my love must be in brightness,
Where soul in like soul can rejoice."

No matter how dark or how gloomy,
Its gleaming we always know
By the eagerness with which hurrying
Those the long day's worry and care.

The light has gone out in the darkness,
And nothing can re-kindle for me
The dear one whose light I was seeking
Ever from the mirror of earth's fire.

But counsel has followed my wandering,
And I have learned to look through;
And, if I've yielded to temptation,
'Tis because the light's soul was true.

A light shone out in the darkness,
And I saw it, and entered in;
And that dear heart will keep it burning
Ere I pass by that light it kindled.

A wise, keep the home-light burning,
In your trust be loyal and true,
For you know not what you are spurning
Nor what you may be inviting
To enter the same after me.

BIG BEN.

"It seems such a long time sometimes, waiting for a whole week," said Jeff Brotherton, in a pleasant, soft voice;—" and the worst of it is, I sometimes fancy that when I am thinking of you, you are not at me, and that when your thoughts are occupied with me, mine are far away in my work."

"I have had the same thoughts sometimes, Jeff," said Nannie, tenderly.

They were walking up the Victoria Embankment and approaching the Houses of Parliament when these words passed, upon one Summer night, from their lips—words that years since—how will they remember the day—the rolls of the business upon the river, the hum of the traffic in the distance, the very scent of fresh silk, on them those words were exchanged!

Then was one of those happy pauses, the silence of which makes words so eloquent; and at that moment Big Ben boomed seven in his hoarse, yet friendly, loud, swinging voice.

"Jeff," said Nannie, "can't we hear Big Ben at Peckham?"

"Yes, Nannie," he said, "when the wind sets my way, if my workshop window is open, I can hear Big Ben."

"And so can I at my window in the Borough," she said. "And as your shop and mine are both in a line with the clock tower, when I look from the door at your work, I also hear him when I am at mine."

"That's it," said Jeff Brotherton. "When ever we hear Big Ben let us always think of one another, and it will be almost like meeting."

Indeed, good reader, already the little stupid tale is told. You may guess the two persons to whom it has been interrupted must be lovers; and, as they seem to be in possession of little liberty, you may infer that they are very young.

One was nineteen, Jeff, and Nannie was seventeen. They only saw each other about twice in three weeks, and then only for a few hours on Sunday.

Their both orphans, without any particular recommendation—neither very wise, good-looking, or amiable. He was a hard-working apprentice in a cabinet maker's factory, she a machine-girl.

But whether you are king and queen, lord and lady, or a couple of slaves, you cannot do better than honestly fall in love, and persistently work and build fortunes, and you marry, and are fairly happy against the wearisome hard work, many vexations and few pleasures of the work-a-day world.

All occasions, Jeff has said, and it is certain that a pleasant young couple do the wisest thing in the world when, being fairly healthy and moderately prosperous, they make a match of it, and flow the world together, hand in hand for life.

It is true that there are a good many failures, and that, sometimes, the result is on one side, and, at others, on both; but it does not follow that the sums of human happiness is not found in domestic peace, and even in very early, if well-ordered, marriages, all the conditions of our every-day social life being taken into consideration, and especially its dangers and temptations.

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The best of us think differently and express varying opinions upon the same thing, however much we may like and respect each other; but when we are separated, and something unusually appeals to us, we think only of the better side of each other's character; and so, gradually, a consideration and tenderness spring up, which are of the utmost use in forming the disposition.

This is the great use and value of parting. It makes us love the more. Indeed, so well is this known that as a separation approaches, we are more and more forbearing to each other as the moment draws near.

It is true, that in the case of Nannie Leslie and Jeff Brotherton, they were only separated by half an hour's walk; but what has distance to do with parting? The river and the Wall, divided only by the thickness of a master wall from her husband, and which she knows as being near him, though, maybe, within arm's length, is as far away from him as Australia is through the width of the world divided from, while a pair of lovers, separated for ten days or a fortnight, do not need no readin' as another couple, one of whom is gone from New York to meet the other in London.

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"Work on here, if they'll let me."

"Going to marry?"

"Yes, sir: I am thinking of it."

"Ha! marry a man, do you, as if it gives them a chance of being steady. Now, you look out for a smart girl, and then, I think, you can tell her this—that when you are out of your time, you'll be pretty well your own master."

"I'm sure," says Jeff, "I sin't going to tell her any such nonsense."

"Tain't nonsense," says the foreman, "I've had a legacy of a few hundreds left me, and I am going to set up for myself. Now, I shall want a hand-bender partner, and you are the man, if you like; so, shake hands."

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He only offer a hard man in his way, and not designed to help his wife, or any kind of connection. But he had a long head, and he wanted a partner, and Jeff seemed to be what he wanted.

Jeff, however, was not what the young man had a "good hand," and that was enough for him.

Such a man could not comprehend that, being unconscionable himself, he might be of use to providing this happiness of others. It is surprising how often men, all unknowingly, are able to confer benefits which they themselves refuse to envy.

Moreover good, bad, or indifferent a man may be, it is certain that he will always choose the best for his business purpose; and, in nine cases out of ten, the best man will be he who leads a sensible domestic life, or who satisfactorily exists an existence, and shapes his life accordingly.

Nothing impeded the designs of these honest people. Long-term and careful, neither fell ill; and their love, helped by Big Ben, being sincere, their love could not be disastrous.

The foreman finds his partner as steady and honest and the man is faithful to the earth.

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They are prospering, and will prosper. He only laughs when he finds his old foreman's eyes fixed inquiringly upon him. Those are the times when he rests at his work, and the echoes of Big Ben come floating through the open window.

He knows that his young wife, sat in the bright little home in the suburbs, is thinking of him at the same moment, and that she is of her.

"A little queer at times," thinks his partner, from whom, instinctively, Jeff has kept the gentle secret concerning Big Ben, "but a good fellow. I should be sorry if he went daft. I shall not get such another chap. Ha! if he would only get away from home a bit, as I do, and cheer himself up a bit with a friend or two, he would be all right."

When Jeff's partner talks to Jeff in this strain about getting away from home, the little partner looks a little solid about the mouth and chin; and says to the effect, "You see, my little partner expects me home."

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Big Ben did not do it all though. They were fairly good; he has made those better.

GLEANINGS BY THE WAYSIDE.

We become so accustomed to the familiar habits of every-day life that they rarely suggest to us the circumstances of their origin. Many of these age date back through many ages and the influence of the most remarkable changes of time. The progress of civilization, the lapse of centuries, the force of customs, all result in creating strange and curious methods of expression and show how widely and how many differ even in the simplest matters which are part of our every-day life. Take for instance the modes of salutation, which is to us such a familiar expression, although it may differ in its character of warmth or coldness, of elegance or heartlessness, but as a philosophical subject has interested most believers and, as they seem to be in possession of little liberty, you may infer that they are very young.

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BOOK OF ORIGINS.

SIGNS OF PHRASES—THE ETYMOLOGY OF WORDS—REMARKABLE OLD SAYINGS—QUAINT EXPRESSIONS PECULIAR TO ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

BY JAMES SEER.

"I'll poison homicide on proverbs
Verb inquisitorial as Shakespeare."—CUYLER.

"The wandering out and through investigation of Truth, is the first, the primary study of man."

F.

F. F. V.

These letters are used partly in ridicule and partly in compliment, as the meaning of which is the "First Families of Virginia." Recently they have been invariably expressed to rent a slur on the Virginian, many of whom are unfortunately ashamed of their ancestry. The origin of the use of the letters may be traced in Macaulay's "City Madam." Act 3, Scene 1. Acted in 1659.

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

This is an old proverb which has been traced back to a classic era. It, however, needs no comment, the best carries with it a whole volume of advice. It has, however, been somewhat altered than that of inserting a sentence. It intimates the injunctiousness of being low-spirited and despairing, and that diligence of mind will in all probability frustrate the subject a man may have in view. "Le cœuard n'aura belle chose," say the French.

FAN.

These articles of luxury were known to the Greeks, for from a passage in the treaties of Ruricles, it appears that they were then in use. Introduced from the East, that they were of a circular form, and were mounted plumes of feathers.

Byronides, of Halicarnassus, describes the courtiers of Artaxerxes, at Cunax, as attended by females, bearing parasols and fans. Plinius mentions fans of feathers, and Ludovicus Vives describes the ostrich feathers Dorothea Augustus as lying, the wind in the shade, and fanned by an attend ant.

In the middle ages fans were used in the churches, sometimes of great size, and richly decorated, to chase away the flies from the holy elements of the Eucharist.

FASHION.

They are said to have been introduced into Rag land from Italy, in the reign of Henry VIII., and, in the reign of Elizabeth, they were framed of very costly materials, the body being of ostrich feathers, the handle of gold, silver or ivory, or curious work manship.

FAIRIES.

——We, that live in fairy land.

Many and wonderful are the tales which popular superstition has attributed to the fairy romance of Irish fairy spirits. The Druids, according to Toland, were in all probability the first inventors of fairies, which still practised in the East. In England the ordeal was of two sorts: fire ordeal and water ordeal; the former was performed to persons of higher rank, the latter to the common people. Fire ordeal was performed either by taking in the hand a piece of red-hot iron, or by walking barefoot and blindfold, over nine red-hot plow-shares. Water ordeal was performed either by plunging the bare arm to the elbow in boiling water or by casting the person suspected into some stream or collection of cold water. Hence probably comes the phrase—to go through fire and water.

FALSE-HEARTED.

The word Fiffhoofers, or Fiffhooters, having lately often been used to denote the adventurers that have taken upon themselves to free the Cubans from the Spanish yoke, it may be of interest to the reader to know what the meaning and derivation of the word is, and how and when it first came into use.

The origin of the word is connected with an interesting episode in South American history, and the first mention of the appellation shows that similar events will constantly occur both in the history of individuals and in that of nations. The word seems to be both in Ireland and Scotland. Even to this day, some of the Irish peasantry regard with superstitious reverence certain hills, the fairies of which, of cruelest, calmest, and sequestered glens, which are supposed to be the haunts of the "good people," as they call the fairies. Many of the Irish names for fairies are unknown, although it may differ in its character of warmth or coldness, of elegance or heartlessness, but as a philosophical subject has interested most believers and, as they seem to be in possession of little liberty, you may infer that they are very young.

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They are prospering, and will prosper. He only laughs when he finds his old foreman's eyes fixed inquiringly upon him. Those are the times when he rests at his work, and the echoes of Big Ben come floating through the open window.

He knows that his young wife, sat in the bright little home in the suburbs, is thinking of him at the same moment, and that she is of her.

"A little queer at times," thinks his partner, from whom, instinctively, Jeff has kept the gentle secret concerning Big Ben, "but a good fellow. I should be sorry if he went daft. I shall not get such another chap. Ha! if he would only get away from home a bit, as I do, and cheer himself up a bit with a friend or two, he would be all right."

When Jeff's partner talks to Jeff in this strain about getting away from home, the little partner looks a little solid about the mouth and chin; and says to the effect, "You see, my little partner expects me home."

And now, and until the end, through happiness and through misfortune, if it come, Big Ben, for that couple, will go on doing his all unconscious work; and if perchance a little difference of opinion shall rise (as why should it not?) Big Ben will sing out, and they will say, "Hark! there is Big Ben striking!"

Big Ben did not do it all though. They were fairly good; he has made those better.

OUR FASHION CHAT.

It half reconcile us to the departure of pleasant weather when we remember that we shall find pleasant filled with other equally as attractive, and while our thoughts may turn with longing regret to the memories of Summer days, we are delighted object which delighted us through its happy days, such thoughts soon become absorbed and lost under the delightful influences of the coming days of Autumn and those of the Winter months, so that no sufficient cause for regret can be found in the passing those articles which are involved in one's preparations for the two seasons linked so closely together. There is a delightful intage in the selection of colors, producing some new and artistic effect, and fresh names are added to the endless nomenclature of woollen materials, until the list is almost bewildered amidst the variety, and it becomes a difficult task to make a selection with a decision which will prove strong enough to retain the charms of something else which may attract us.

All the old familiar materials in wool seem to have been forgotten, and the perpetual activities of human ingenuity and skill is as visible in the textures and colors as in all other results of invention. The new fabrics are not unlike the old, but is increased in beauty by the charming intermixture of taste and fashion, while the artistic effects of color which are introduced in the new backgrounds are like flecks of sunlight shining through dark glades, intensifying by contrast the brightness and beauty of its sparkling contrast.

Unmade materials surround one everywhere, in the richest profusion, and we find give any reader a glimpse of their beauty and variety before progressing to the more difficult task of describing the interior and exterior fashions of the season, and all that serve as a guide to making the costume.

Shades of green seem to predominate in all textures sometimes it partakes of the darkest tint seen in dense forest foliage, then it appears in a warmer shade, suggestive of the sunlight on the fern, or acute, it will gleam out between darker tints, and sometimes the young tender hue of early Spring; but, withal, there is a glistening water or by casting the ray of a beam of sunlight was woven in the threads and held captive there, and the delicate and rare fashion precludes the absolute sway of one color, so we have the same variety in others, and rich browns and shades of blue have received the same beautifying touches of gold and other brightening combinations.

The second style of goods, which appear every season, are always at first rather ex-centric in prices, but there is always a scale of prices which offers a selection to every purse.

The materialese cloth shows itself in all colors in a variety of small geometrical designs having the effect of raised surface. Some of these show that only with are 25 per yard, the narrower or single widths are about 50 cents per yard, whether drap or de nege, or what is more familiarly known as the Knickerbocker cloths, have the same variety of fashion, but are somewhat heavier on the surface and interwoven on the dark back-ground. Dark myrtle green has tufted threads of light tood green, in 54-inch width, which are 75 cents per yard, and are covered over with tiny flecks of cardinal and blue. Another with dashes of green and cardinal have a similar effect, and are 50 cents per yard. Others are 50 cents up to $1. An exquisite bourette cloth is shown in Persian colors and design; the finely woven ground-work of gold, ended with the rich shades of the French army are unfit for service on account of their gaiety when the duties of the officer are transferred in the Ecole Polytechnique are unable to wear with any degree of comfort, and are to be more practically adapted as a remedy for this serious defect in a service requiring so much activity.

PRESIDENT OF BACTERIA, ETC., UPON THE WALLS OF THE WARDS OF HOSPITALS.—A square metre of the wall of one of the surgical wards in the Hospital La Pitie, Paris was carefully washed with water that had been performed for two years previously—and the liquid when put under the microscope carefully examined. It contained micro-coccl in abundance and fifty-eight per cent of the total number were micro-bacteria, a small number of epithelial cells, some fragments of fibres of wool, a few granular blackish masses, and could bodies of unknown nature. Any one who has seen the horrible forms of error the sponge used was new, and had been only recently thoroughly washed in distilled water.

HAPPY MARRIAGES.—Mr. Spooner, Member of Parliament for Oldbury, takes exception to Mr. Frank Buckland's statement in a note in the recent edition of White's Selborne, to the effect that the Parliamentary cannot play up their turbs to wet weather, because the hens have not yet learned to distinguish the rain in the midst of a hearty rain, and I could discover no difference in their behavior. Mr. Buckland says that during the year 1873 he kept a rattlesnake in the room of a gold watch, and I shall long be curious to know that "Rattler," as he called him, could play up two several different notes, indicative of anger, of pleasure, and of loneliness.

CURIOUS BUT TRUE.—THE SON PROPELLER BLADES.—A curious fact respecting the corrosion of the cast-iron screw blades of a steam vessel has recently been frequently illustrated by the exhibition of a screw-blade from the Great Eastern. The part of a blade "up" side of the blade was much corroded, but the "down" side was not. The part of the blade that was very deeply pitted, but a line of about an inch and a half wide, next the leading edge was not pitted. A circular hole made through the upper part of the blade was also corroding, and through which of course the water passes to not corroded in its interior, but the surface of the blade adjacent to this hole, under the influence of the water flowing from the hole, is pitted. Also the blades of all the screws of all steam vessels laid up in dock for the winter of the Messrs. Cramp are says the Polytechnic Review, pitted in the same manner, but the shafts are never corroded, nor are the blades of coast-wise steamers so affected.

Chinese Children.

There are many curious ceremo nies and ob servances connected with a child's early years which are full of interest, and which we will now detail. The following are among the more noteworthy and important: When the baby in a month old, its head is shaved for the first time, and on this occasion a thank-offering is made to the goddess of mercy. Each family in a certain month a family feast takes place, and the maternal grandmother is expected to make handsome presents, including the first suit of clothes the child's use: at the end of a year, there are more thank-offerings, more feasts, and more presents; still later on the child is taken to the temony of "passing through the door."

Then the whole family connection have to be observed until the child "goes out of childhood," an event that takes place usually, though not incorrectly, at the age of seven years, at a period the child becomes an adult, and is expected to put away childish things. But although the child is supposed to be a man, he is by no means exempted from parental authority, for he is frequently to be in the presence of the State, when the Emperor takes the place of their parents, they are bound to yield implicit obedience to their wishes, and to punish when call will completely reduce the patient from a state of health to that of disease. Placed in warm water, with mustard added, and the legs and arms rubbed briskly, the child is put to bed, cool apartment procured. If necessary

Errys in Orthography.—Orthography—The quotation, "The feast of reason and the flow of soul," is from Pope's "Moral Essays," Ep. iv. (2). The following are examples: "fidelity in adversity;" yellow rose, "in the days of prosperity;" "attach your friend to you for ever;" "delicious;" "devotion;" London pride; "friendship;" "friendship in absence;" "friendship;" "friendship;" "friendship